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PRICE 10 CENTS  
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that Texas  
Number of

Life



Illustration by  
W. H. H. H.

Starring  
the Lone Star State

WILDHACK



**The Clysmic Spring Company**

Announce the publication of

**"THE CLYSMIC BOOZE BOOK."**

This beautiful and useful little book of 44 pages, lithographed in colors and embossed, tells everything worth knowing about the mixing of drinks and contains a selection of genial toasts for every occasion. A copy of it will be mailed to you upon the receipt of ten cents to cover cost of distribution.

CLYSMIC SPRING COMPANY  
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**T**HE pleasure of an electric extends to every day in the year. The spirit has only to move you and you find the electric carriage at hand for pleasant drives through the suburbs—for shopping, calling, the theatre.

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Wilson Number  
of

# Life

"That's All"

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Dramatic Number  
Outcasts' Number

## Be Reckless

LIFE is Five Dollars a year. Take a plunge and become a yearly subscriber. Get it off your mind for a year. Christmas Number included with subscription. Also a superb premium picture. Write for particulars.

What is the  
Miniature  
Life?



Coming next week. The fact that after all these years in which the American people have been hoping against hope, we are at last going to issue a really progressive number of LIFE, will naturally fill everybody with consternation.

But some one must formally open the campaign.

The next number will, therefore, be largely taken up with Woodrow Wilson, the only presidential candidate now before the American people that we have heard anything about.

Why not subscribe to LIFE regularly? All we need is a little encouragement occasionally to issue a real humorous paper. (Three months for one dollar. See special offer opposite.)

### SPECIAL OFFER

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. This order must come to us direct; not through an agent or dealer.

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ONE YEAR \$5.00. (CANADIAN \$5.52, FOREIGN \$6.04.)



## Personal Impressions of Texas

Our Texas is a noble State,  
It's very big, it's very great.  
Its area (I think I've heard)  
Is bigger by almost a third  
Than England, France and part of Spain!  
(Or, maybe, *that's* the size of Maine.)

But anyway, from side to side,  
The State of Texas is quite wide.  
The people there are fierce and bold;  
They live in ranches, I am told.  
They gallop wildly o'er the plain,  
Then swiftly gallop back again.

The Texas plain is very vast,  
And so they have to gallop fast.  
Some Texans have quite breezy manners  
And wear sombreros and bandannas;  
And some have black mustachios  
And wear eccentric evening clothes.

Perfectly awful words they say,  
And go out shooting every day.  
They shoot most any one they see,  
And scowl and frown ferociously.  
The rolling prairies, it would seem,  
Are vast and spacious in extreme.

The prairie grass is known as lush;  
Across the prairies cattle rush.  
The scenery is pretty fine,—  
The foothills rise in broken line,  
The red gold sun sinks to its rest  
Adown the glowing, lighted West.

## I'll Give You a Command of Language

Grenville Kleiser (late Yale Instructor) can increase the average man's efficiency, perhaps his income, 50 per cent. through his Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency. It is a fascinating, spare-moment study with none of the wearisome features of the old-time methods. You can put your increased knowledge into immediate use, and it will surely help you to

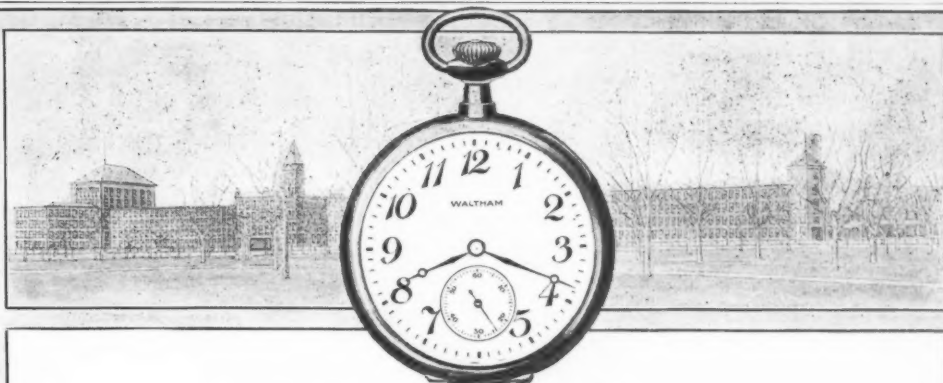
**Enlarge your Stock of Words—Use the Right Word in the right place—Write Literature that compels attention (Business Correspondence, Stories, Sermons, Addresses, Speeches)—Become an Engaging Conversationalist—Enter good Society.**

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**HOW TO BECOME A MASTER OF ENGLISH**  
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Funk & Wagnalls Company, Dept. 545, New York

**Ask Today for FREE BOOK**



## Isn't there something you'd like to know about watches?

Do you know that we have a department especially for you? We call it the "Office of Information". Whether it is about buying a watch, or telling you how to take care of the one you have, this department will be glad to help you—and all their services are free. Do not hesitate to call on them for advice, whether your watch is a *Waltham* or not.

Now they are especially anxious to send you a new booklet about the Waltham "Riverside" Watches. The "Riverside" is a medium price, common-sense, reliable movement—"precisely right" for men and women who want a refined accurate watch at a moderate cost. And the booklet (it's free) is mighty interesting reading.

New improvements in watch making, how to choose a watch, and many other points you can learn just by dropping us a line.

Before you go to a store to even look at watches, write to our Office of Information for pointers which will enable you to purchase intelligently. Do not think of buying a watch until you get this up-to-date information.

Please write for the booklet; it is sent without charge. Send the coupon, or write a letter if you prefer.

## Waltham Watch Company Waltham Mass

Fill in coupon below, cut off, and mail today

OFFICE OF INFORMATION

WALTHAM WATCH CO Waltham Mass

You may send me the new Riverside booklet, and also tell me (here fill in anything you may specially want to know) \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

The twilight falls, the stars peep out,

The ranchers grandly pose about,—

What happens next I cannot tell,

Because just there the curtain fell.

You see, I've only seen in plays

These Texan scenes and Texan ways.

Eut I've no doubt that every act

Is founded on authentic fact.

—Carolyn Wells.

## A Gentle Reminder

Smith is a young New York lawyer, clever in many ways, but very forgetful. He was recently sent to St. Louis to interview an important client in regard to a case then pending in the Missouri courts. Later the head of his firm received this telegram from St. Louis:

"Have forgotten name of client. Please wire at once."

This was the reply sent from New York:

"Client's name Jenkins. Your name Smith."—Everybody's.

*"It Saves the  
Delicious  
Aroma"*



Coffee Pot Perco-  
lator No. 9092.  
Urn Style Perco-  
lator shown below  
is made for either  
alcohol gas or  
electric heaters.

**H**ASTE will never rob your morning coffee of its delicious aroma if it is made in a Manning-Bowman Percolator. Making is simplicity itself. Finely ground coffee should be used and a little less than you'd need in an ordinary pot—the right measure of water for the number of cups you wish, and then—no further thought till you're seated at table and ready.

## Manning- Bowman Coffee Percolators

work automatically as long as heat is applied. Coffee is made in this perfect way—starting with cold water—as quickly as in an ordinary coffee pot with hot water. More than 100 styles and sizes of these coffee percolators on the market—in solid copper, nickel plate, aluminum and silver plate. We illustrate urn style No. 3394 and coffee pot style No. 9092. For sale at leading dealers. Write for free recipe book and catalogue No. J-26

**MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.,**  
Meriden, Conn.

Also makers of Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes with "Ivory" Enamelled Food Pans, either alcohol gas or electric heater, Eclipse Bread Makers, Alcohol Gas Stoves, Tea Ball Tea Pots, Chafing Dish Accessories, Celebrated M & B Brass, Copper and Nickel Polish.



TYPOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

HEAVY FACE AND TITLE BLACK

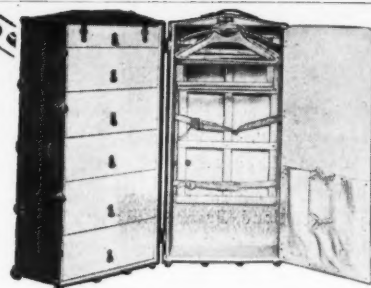
## Indignation

The American people have lost the power or, if not the power, at least the inclination, to become indignant. To show indignation nowadays is bad taste. The preachers of Christianity have reached their goal. We are meek and submissive. We stand ready to turn as many cheeks as we possess. We hate to quarrel, except, perhaps, in the bosom of our families. We hate to stand up for ourselves before the world. If a strike occurs, we want it put out of sight regardless of the principle involved. If a Senator is accused, we want the matter whitewashed. If we are to have anything like a public quarrel, we want it in some far off place like Mexico or the Philippines. Even political campaigns have become polite.

We may still have ideals. We might be willing to have seats in trolley cars; to have a lower cost of living; to get rid of the slums and the idle rich; to have a government which is truly representative. All of these would be acceptable if we could get them without a struggle. We might not object to Socialism even, if its advocates would be seemly and gentlemanly; if, instead of being militant and obtrusive, they would fasten it upon us by some underhand process of graft. But the trouble with what few reformers and insurgents remain among us is that they ask us to get excited, to come out and fight, to show our teeth to the enemy and our heels to complacent acquiescence; to act, in short, as if we had rights which not alone others were bound to respect, but which we respected ourselves.

Sad fares the land and doomed to  
be benighted,  
Where ills accumulate and men can't  
get excited.

E. O. J.



Style  
5  
See  
Our  
Book-  
let

## Hang Your Clothes —Don't Pack Them

**T**HE P. & S. Wardrobe Trunk permits you to arrange your clothes on hangers and in compartments just as you would in your closet and bureau at home. The result is unwrinkled clothes at the journey's end—bills for pressing reduced. Instant access to any article in the trunk without burrowing under or removing everything else. A place in this trunk for everything you need while traveling.

## Write for Booklet of P. & S. Wardrobe Trunks

We have issued a booklet that we'll mail to you for your name and address on a postal. It illustrates and describes fully the many sizes and styles of P. & S. Wardrobe Trunks—planned for men or women. Quotes our moderate prices. Write for it today. Address

**J. & F. Parkhurst & Son Co.**  
8 Rowe St., Bangor, Me.  
Marbridge Building, New York.  
161 Summer St., Boston.



## Must Have Read It

**POET (at stamp window):** You have no reduced rates for manuscript?

**CLERK:** No, sir.

**POET:** Well, I want stamps for this.

**CLERK:** One way or round trip?

—Boston Transcript.

**WELDON:** Is he a man of brains?

**KANE:** Well, he runs a bigger automobile than any of his creditors.

—New York Globe.

Since the decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court, it has been decided by the Monks hereafter to bottle

# CHARTREUSE

(Liqueur Pères Chartreux)

both being identically the same article, under a combination label representing the old and the new labels, and in the old style of bottle bearing the Monks' familiar insignia, as shown in this advertisement.

According to the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, handed down by Mr. Justice Hughes on May 20th, 1911, no one but the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) is entitled to use the word CHARTREUSE as the name or designation of a Liqueur, so their victory in the suit against the Cusenier Company, representing M. Henri Lecouturier, the Liquidator appointed by the French Courts, and his successors, the Compagnie Fermière de la Grande Chartreuse, is complete.

The Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), and they alone, have the formula or recipe of the secret process employed in the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, and have never parted with it. There is no genuine Chartreuse save that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.

Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.  
Sole Agents for United States





"OH, WHAT A FUNNY LOOKIN' ANIMAL!  
IT'S ONLY GOT THREE LEGS."

## This Week's Colored Cartoon

This week's double-page cartoon, mounted on board, ready to frame, will be sent carriage pre-paid to any address on receipt of fifty cents. The print will carry no type other than the title and will be free from the crease caused by folding. Remit to LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first St., New York City.



Open with the Foot.  
No Litter. No Odor.

C. H. STEPHENSON, Mfr., 46 Farrar St., Lynn, Mass.

THE STEPHENSON  
LYNN

Underground  
Garbage Receiver

Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly; also prevents dogs, cats and rats making a mess of the garbage. 9 years in practical use. It pays to look us up. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Send for circular.

Sets

Deep

in the

Ground



Victor Talking Machine Co.  
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.  
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal  
Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

# Victor-Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

## Optimists

For non-committal brevity of speech, commend us to the Yankee lord of the soil. One such, who was obliged to make a physician daily visits, had an unvarying answer to the question, "How do you feel to-day?" "Well," he would reply, showing as little interest in the subject as possible, "I ain't no wuss." Further than that he wished to say nothing, and it took the cunning of a serpent to discover his real feelings. A man who

was knocked down in the street by a snow-slide was assailed by a sympathizing crowd with condolence and question. "Did it hurt you?" inquired one of his rescuers, as he brushed the snow from the clothes of the well-powdered victim. "Well," was the cautious answer, "it ain't done me no good."—Argonaut.

TEACHER: What is velocity, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE: Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with.—Pathfinder.

# Tone

That's where the Victor-Victrola is pre-eminent.

You might be able to build a cabinet that outwardly would resemble a Victor-Victrola. You might even copy the inside construction and details, if they were not protected by patents. But there is no copying the superior Victor-Victrola tone-quality.

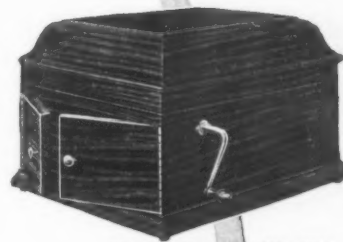
That represents years of patient experiment—with various woods, with different proportions, with numerous vibratory surfaces—and it is simply astonishing how slight a variation in size, in shape, in position, seriously affects the tone quality.

No, the Victor-Victrola tone can't be equaled! Even though the eye could take in every detail of construction, there is still that same indescribable "something" which makes the Stradivarius supreme among violins, which gives to the Victor-Victrola the wonderfully sweet, clear and mellow tone that has established this instrument as pre-eminent in tone quality.

Hear the Victor-Victrola today at the nearest Victor dealer's—you'll spend a delightful half-hour and come away with a greater love for music and a more thorough appreciation of this superb instrument.



Victor-Victrola VI, \$25  
Oak



Victor-Victrola IX, \$50  
Mahogany or oak



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200  
Mahogany or quartered oak  
Other styles \$15 to \$150



# Seven Thousand Men Building Smaller Six Cylinder Packard

Our shops have been turned over to the new model—an unparalleled concentration of energy and resources to complete the production of Packard "38"

Perhaps you were among the hundreds who wanted a Packard "48" and spoke too late. The output of that model for summer and fall was practically sold out six weeks after the spring announcement.

Now you have an opportunity to reserve an early delivery date for the new "38," consort of the Dominant Packard Six.

In road efficiency, ease of riding and luxurious appointment, the smaller six typifies Packard quality.

Left drive and control; electric self starter. Starting, lighting, ignition and carburetor controls on steering column. Sixty horsepower shown by brake test

## The Packard "38" Line

Touring Car, five passengers.....	\$4150	Landaulet.....	\$5300
Phaeton, five passengers.....	4150	Imperial Limousine.....	5400
Phaeton, four passengers.....	4150	Brougham.....	5200
Runabout.....	4050	Coupe.....	4500
Limousine.....	5200	Imperial Coupe.....	4900

CATALOG IN RESPONSE TO POSTCARD REQUEST

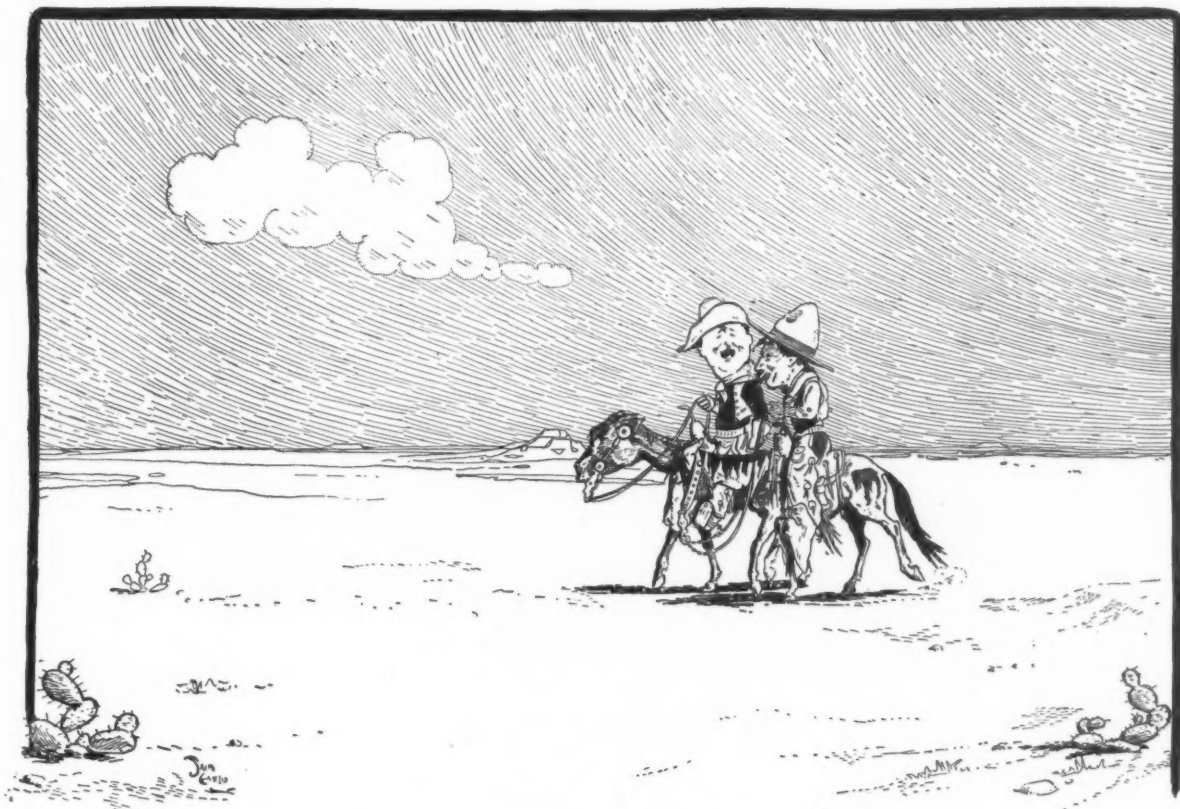
## Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



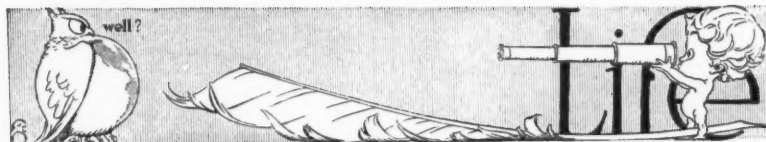
# LIFE



## TEXAS NUMBER



"ANYHOW, THERE'S ONE GOOD THING ABOUT THIS PART OF TEXAS."  
"WHAT'S THAT?"  
"WE DON'T HAVE TO DODGE NO AUTOMOBILES."



"While there is Life there's Hope"



IN the midst of the din of campaign hootings and of charges by the Big Bull Moose, and of charges against him, we beg to dwell for one modest moment on the Panama Canal bill. Congress passed it by large majorities, and the President signed it by a majority not so large, but sufficient. He had some misgivings, but argued against them. A bill so generally approved by our selected rulers ought surely to be acceptable to the governed.

But, about this bill there is made the serious complaint that its provision to let coastwise trading vessels through virtually free of tolls violates the agreement made for us in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty that all comers should have equal privileges in the canal.

Whether it does or not is matter for debate. Mr. Root and Mr. Lodge are among those who hold, as we understand them, that it does. They are good authorities on the interpretation of treaties, and have both, probably, read the treaty that concerns this bill. But Mr. Taft has also read the treaty, and is a judge by profession—though working temporarily in an executive employment—and his opinion on the attitude of the bill to the treaty is that they are compatible and harmonious.

Most of our most influential newspapers, as, hereabouts, the *World*, the *Times*, the *Sun*, the *Evening Post*, are very positive that the law violates the treaty. Great Britain, France, Germany and the rest of mankind beyond our boundaries, seem also to hold that view.

Nothing further can be done by us in this matter until Congress meets again, but, meanwhile, Great Britain has filed a protest and may appeal to The Hague. So the question remains on the conscience of the country, Shall

we go to The Hague or shall we refuse?

It is an interesting question, involving such queries as, Have we a conscience? Are treaties mere formalities like platforms? Is all our concern about arbitration fictitious, and will the weight of our public sentiment always be against arbitration when there is anything to lose that we think we can keep by declining to arbitrate?

For our part, we blush to say that our sympathies are considerably with the argument of President Taft in favor of the conformity of the law with the treaties. Moreover, the British protest all but recognizes the validity of that argument, and inclines to contend merely that it will be impossible, under the law as it stands, to limit free transit to our coastwise ships. But if the law as drawn is so defective as to be disputable, and give ground for all these questions of morality and searchings of conscience, by all means let us get the thing off our imperilled souls by having Congress repeal the objectionable clause of the bill as soon as it meets. Then let us get Mr. Root to draw a new clause that will be in conspicuous accord with the treaty, and will still confer on our coastwise vessels the subsidy which Congress has granted them. There is no question of the country's right to grant its ships any subsidy it sees fit. Why do it in a bull-headed and rude way that pricks some of our own consciences, exposes us to litigation and hurts the feelings of our friends in Europe when it can just as well be done politely and with advantage to our self-esteem? If we had a canal, but no lawyer, we might be constrained either to be perfidious or forego our desire. But having a canal and also a lawyer, why should we do either?

Apart from the question of its accordance with the treaty, the bill Mr. Taft signed was of great value to the country. It provided none too soon

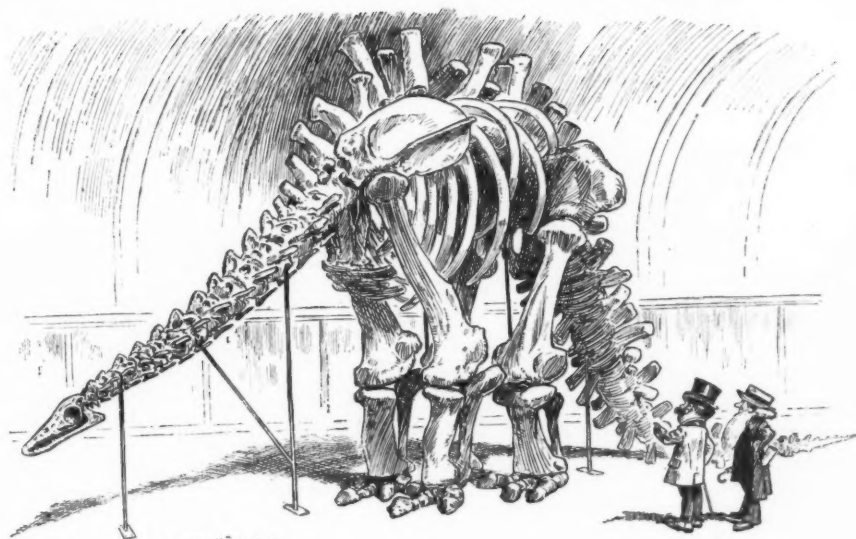
for the maintenance and working of the canal and for rates of toll so that vessels may be built and preparations made to use the canal when it is ready. And it provided for American registry for foreign-built ships owned by Americans, and not to be used in the coastwise trade; a legislative accomplishment of first-rate importance, curbing an evil that has lasted for generations and contributed potently to drive our flag from the seas.



**H**ARPER'S WEEKLY finds evidence of malice in the propensity to speak of Governor Wilson as "Doctor." *Collier's* has the same feeling about this honorary title, and considers its use before the name of the Democratic candidate as in some way derisive and detrimental. To our mind, this is a very curious position. Governor Wilson won his various doctorates as student, teacher, historian, publicist and president of Princeton University. There is a long list of them all well earned. No one demurs when we speak of Mr. Taft as "Judge," or Mr. Roosevelt as "Colonel," but those are honorary titles won by past services less distinguished than those of Dr. Wilson. There are lots of Colonels, and Judges abound, but as rank goes in this country the president of Princeton outranks colonels and judges. It is a fact that when Dr. Wilson went into politics he left a much more distinguished place than Mr. Roosevelt's colonelcy or Mr. Taft's judgeship.

Dr. Sun Yan is the present President of China, a prudent and respected statesman who expresses himself frequently in favor of having his friend, Mr. Yuan, take the office.

No one seems to think him disparaged by his academic title.



City Nephew: THAT WAS FOUND IN TEXAS AND SET UP HERE AT GREAT EXPENSE.

"SEEMS A SIN TO WASTE IT. YE COULD GIT ENOUGH BONE FERTILIZER OUT O' THAT TO FIX UP AN ACRE."

Nearly all college presidents, active or retired, are doctors, and are so addressed in ordinary intercourse. Then what is the disparagement that is implied in the connection of this title with Mr. Wilson? Is it the idea that the calling of an educator or a writer invites popular disesteem or distrust? If that is the case, it is high time that notion was corrected, and Dr. Wilson's preferment is a timely means of setting it right.

We believe Editor Harvey of *Harper's Weekly* is a Doctor of Laws of the University of Nevada, and probably Editor Hapgood of *Collier's* is also a doctor of something by this time. These gentlemen should use their academic titles more and not fidget because folks properly and naturally assign to Dr. Wilson the title that best expresses his services in the past.

But it is no more manners for Colonel Roosevelt to speak of the Democratic candidate, as he does in his "confession," as "Professor Wilson," than it would be to speak of the Colonel as "Major Roosevelt." Dr. Wilson was a professor, but got promoted to be president. His honorary title, besides "Doctor," is not "Professor," but "President."



THE death of General Booth of the Salvation Army, full of years and honors, invites one to wonder whether our great contemporary American Improver of Mankind will finally show as good a record of benefits done as the great Salvationist. General Booth was zealously interested for more than three-score years in making people better and incidentally in ameliorating the material conditions of their lives. He was a remarkable organizer, and in course of time set up and directed a remarkable machine. And he ran it like an autocrat, and in all these things he was something like our Bull Moose Colonel.

But in this he was different; that he stuck to one line—religion—and worked with that, and did not, so far as we know, mix it up with politics. His idea was to make men better, and so improve the world; to change the heart, with resulting improvement in deportment. His work may at times have influenced legislation, but so far

as we know he never tried to legislate men into righteousness.

The Bull Moosers sing hymns and are moved by emotions that are more religious than political, but their hope of helping and bettering mankind seems to lie altogether in legislative improvements, and in downing all the bosses except the Colonel, and carrying him back into the White House.

We guess it will turn out that General Booth's method was more fruitful of lasting results than theirs. They mix up too many things that do not work harmoniously together.

When religion becomes political it tends to stifle liberty. We suspect there is a danger of a like result when politics become religious. Best keep them distinct. Make men religious, but not parties. The gospel was not meant to be translated into law. Righteousness can hardly be made statutory, much less salvation.



THERE continues to be in the papers a great deal about contributions by various malefactors to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund in 1904. His denials of all charges are prompt, comprehensive, particular and emphatic, but such is the persistence of the accusations, and so specific are their details that there is real danger that in the minds of the careless the Idealist of Armageddon will come to be connected with political subsidies of the unregenerate.

Of course, what happened to the Colonel when he was still a member and leader of the bad old Republican party ought not to count against him now that he has broken with his past. He ought to say so, but no, he is as sensitive about his past as though he had never broken with it. He will have it that he was perfectly good, even when he was a Republican, and denies and retorts and produces letters to prove it.

We commend to him the example of St. Paul, who regretted and deplored his persecution of the saints, but never denied it and never suffered it to prejudice his efforts as an apostle.

### Life's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-five years. In that time it has expended \$133,340.25 and has given a fortnight in the country to 33,737 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$9,792.91
Mrs. Louis F. Prankard.....	10.00
In memory of Craig A. Marsh.....	10.00
Proceeds of an entertainment given for Life's Fresh Air Fund by Kathryn King, Joselyn King, Billy King, Alice Vail and Nora Potter, at "Eastview," Saratoga Springs, N. Y.....	5.10
"Lewis, Carol and Edna".....	5.00
From two people who like children.....	10.00
Proceeds of a fair held at Meadevale Farm, Woodbury, Conn., by two ten-year-olds.....	8.07
Mrs. Elinor L. Stevens.....	5.00
McDougall Hawkes.....	25.00
A. A.....	10.00

\$9,881.08

#### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Four yearly subscriptions to the *Children's Star*, for the Farm Library.

One bundle of copies of the *Children's Star*.

Package of clothing from Mrs. M. Martin, Georgetown, Conn.

Case of white canvas rubber soled shoes from Messrs. R. H. Hoskins Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Two boxes of oranges from "The Overland Orange & Lemon Company," California.

### Treason

THE strange man who had been caught by the police trying to escape in a suit of regimentals that did not seem to be the work of an American tailor was haled before the



A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING



LITERALLY

"MRS. BLANK, OF GALVESTON, PRESENTED HER HUSBAND WITH A BOUNCING TEXAS BOY."

Supreme Court of the United States, which, fortunately, happened to be in session to consider this case.

"What's this?" said the judge of the court, waking up all the other judges. "Can this be a foreign minister? Ah! I see it is. And what has he been doing?"

"Ah, judge," replied the officer, "that is the wonderful part of it all. What do you suppose he was doing?"

"Prisoner, what were you doing?"

The prisoner refused to be intimidated. He looked the judge in the eye.

"When I was taken by this brute?" he asked.

"When you were arrested—what were you doing?"

"Nothing. I was sitting in a café."

"You were saying something. Officer, am I on the right trail?"

"You are, judge. He was saying something. Treason!"

"Ah! We grow warmer. Treason! Go on prisoner, what were you saying?"

"I was talking about the Panama Canal."

The court room was by this time the scene of the most intense excitement. Spectators crowded in from everywhere. Anything that reflects upon the sacred honor of the United States always draws a crowd—especially if it is any kind of a fight.

"And so, sir, you were talking about the Panama Canal," said His Honor. "And what were your words? Officer, repeat his words."

"They were as follows, your Honor," said the officer, referring to a note book. "The prisoner said: 'When the Panama Canal is ready you can count on this hypocritical Republic going back on every promise that it has ever made, or every treaty that it has ever signed, unless all the countries of Europe combine against it. Look at the way Roosevelt robbed poor old Columbia. Just wait!' That's what he said, judge."

"Enough," said the judge. "Lock him up! Anyone who tells the truth about this country will get what's coming to him!"

And amid universal applause the poor wretch was taken out in irons.



## Notice to All Southern Husbands

*Great Meeting in Atlanta, Over Which Manager of Husbands' Correspondence Bureau Expects to Preside, Unless Unforeseen Circumstances Prevent—We Must All Stand Together*

WE have been asked to preside at a congress of husbands from all of the Southern States, to be held in Atlanta during the winter months, and while fully realizing this distinguished honor, and while accepting with pleasure the invitation, it may not be inappropriate to accompany this by indulging in a few historical reflections.

We feel every confidence in our being able to preside at the Atlanta congress; but owing to our recent

marriage, and the fact that our present wife (who is a rigid Northerner) may insist upon accompanying us, our presence may be somewhat doubtful. In case we do not come, however, we shall send the tall, handsome blonde (on the right as you enter), and also the chairman of our entertainment committee, to make things more cheerful.

Now with regard to the historical part. Up to within comparatively recent times the Southern husband has preserved his identity, perhaps more than the husband of the North. Noted for his loyalty, his chivalry and his broad-minded appreciation of other women, he has not been held down by the stern and stringent rules which—we are glad to say, owing to our influence—have been somewhat mitigated throughout New England during the past decade.

The New Orleans husband, we believe we are correct in stating, has no equal in this country. The common assumption that he lives on mint juleps and whiskey is in reality a base slander. He attends business in Canal Street with great regularity, and it is only when entertaining kindred spirits from the North that he permits himself any latitude whatsoever. These gentlemen, who are the recipients of his hospitality, retaliate by accusing him of all sorts of weaknesses which he does not have. In the summer, instead of rushing off to Paris and Constantinople, he is content to amuse himself quietly on Lake Ponchartrain with a virtuous and highly respectable catboat. And when at certain seasons of the year he does come to New York, he is usually accompanied by his wife and family. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but we are glad to say that under our treatment these are becoming more rare.

The Texas husband is so far above the rest of us fellows as to have cre-

ated a type in himself. No Texas husband was ever known to read the paper at the breakfast table, to omit the formality of attending church every Sabbath, or to roam at large without his wife. Our trade in Texas is practically nil, owing to the fact that there is so little matrimonial discontent in that banner State.

When we come to Virginia, however, we must confess that there are many derelictions from the ranks. In fact, the chairman of our entertainment committee informs us that a large part of his time is taken up in catering to the Virginia husband. On the whole, however, the Southern husband needs different treatment from others. We seldom advise his being placed under the charge of our tall, handsome blonde, taking a trip to Paris, or riding in our seeing-the-tenderloin-automobile. He needs different treatment. Surrounded, as he has been from his boyhood, with the most beautiful women in the world, as a general rule a course of absolute quiet in connection with our special treatment (patented) is all that is necessary to restore him.

Now, however, that we are threatened by so many new perils—woman's suffrage, neurotic feminine novels, extravagance in fashions and the sixteen-year-old-girl precocity trust—the Southern husband must do his share in meeting the enemy.

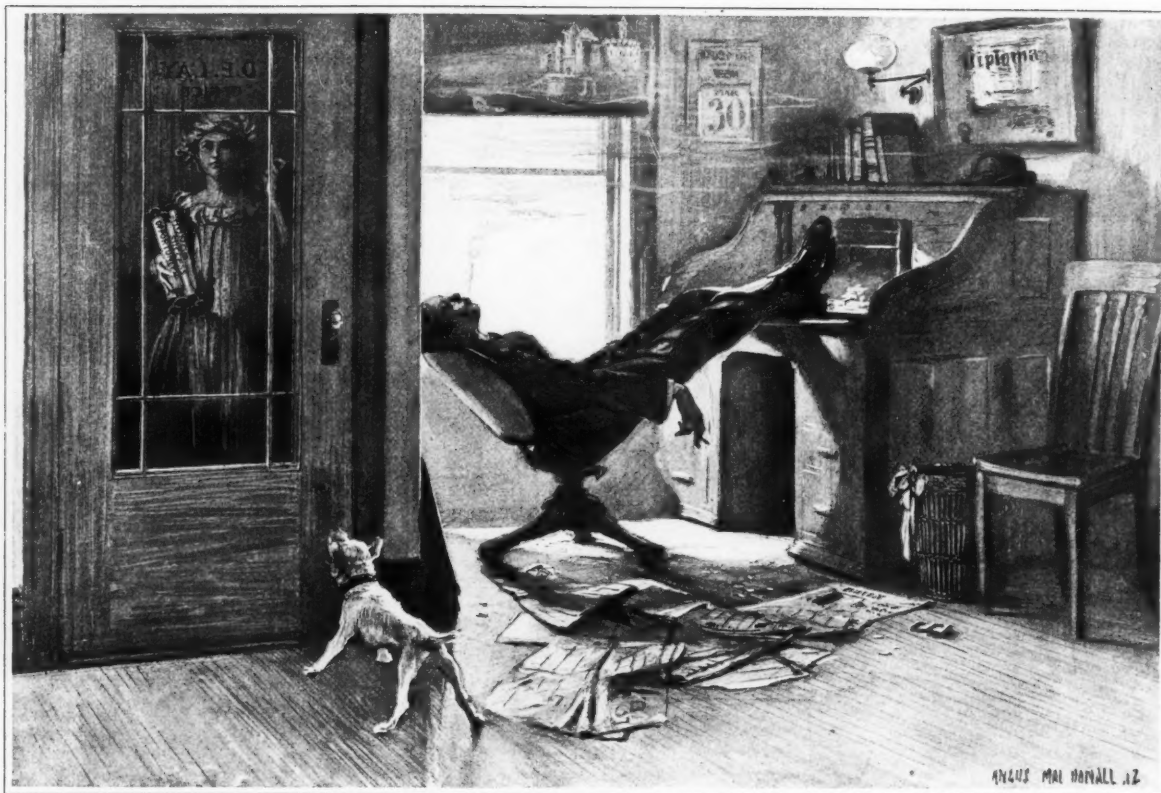
Unless our present wife, therefore—who thinks we are going to Brooklyn to attend a Y. M. C. A. meeting—gets wind of our intention, we shall be at the Atlanta congress to soothe, to solace, to instruct and to fortify, not only our regular customers, but our other suffering matrimonial friends, against the evils that confront us.

Call, write or wire.

*Husband's Correspondence Bureau.*



"The Texas husband never omits going to church on Sunday"



THE YOUNG MAN WHO WAITS UNTIL TO-MORROW

### One More Veto

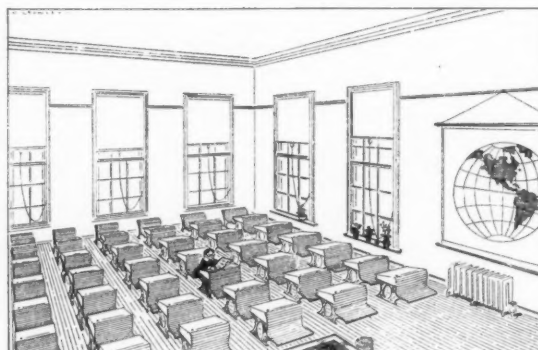
WASHINGTON, August 26, 1912. Both houses of Congress, having unanimously passed the bill permitting American citizens to breathe all the fresh air that comes their way between the hours of sunrise and sunset, President Taft returned the following message with his veto:

I return herewith House Bill No. 4 11 44 without my signature. I have carefully considered the provisions of this bill, and while I believe in a general way that we should all have enough fresh air, before committing myself finally to this policy I prefer to wait for the report of my expert commission, which is now sitting and ought to be through with its labors in another ten years or so. Meanwhile I advocate caution in all things. If I should sign this bill it would unquestionably throw out of employment thousands of millionaires (many of whom are my personal friends and called here yesterday to see me). If people could get all the fresh air they wanted, the men employed by these millionaires would naturally have to lay off outdoors, and, of course, the millionaires would suffer. Some time or other, when the right kind of a fresh air

bill is presented, which will not conflict with the interests of my friends, I may consider it—that is, provided they approve.

W. H. TAFT.

READ the newspapers and the world reads with you; read something worth while and you read alone.



IN A CLASS BY HIMSELF



A. B. WALKER

#### GULLIVER TEXAS AND THE LILLIPUTIAN

"LOOK HERE, NEW YORK, YOU MUSTN'T THINK YOU OWN THE WHOLE COUNTRY. WHY, I COULD PUT YOU IN MY POCKET AND YOU WOULD NEVER BE MISSED."

#### Governor Dix's Speed

THAT policeman who failed to arrest Governor Dix for speeding the other day overlooked a rare opportunity. Governor Dix was whizzing by; the policeman gave chase on his motorcycle and overhauled him, unaware of his identity. But the policeman withdrew when he was told, "I'm the Governor; I'm in a hurry."

None would wish, of course, that the Governor be humiliated by a petty arrest for speeding, but why was he in a hurry? There's the rub. We would give anything to know, for it is the first sign of hurry he has manifested since his election. We are overjoyed that something has happened to make him rush about a bit, but what was it? It might have been public business. We are consumed with curiosity.

#### The Question of Pay

THE whole question of politics or of political economy may be summed up in the single question, "How much shall each of us be paid?"

We admit that each of us should live. Captains of industry should be paid as well as the privates, perhaps better, but how much better? The bass-drummer, as well as the soloist or the leader of the orchestra, should be paid. The makers of fiction have their place no less than the makers of fact. The general principle is not disputed. The argument comes on determining the relative amounts properly accruing to each.

How much, for instance, shall we give the foreman of a machine shop who knows every important detail of manufacture? And how much shall we give the bookkeeper of the same shop who becomes vice-president by marrying the president's daughter?

What shall we pay a foreign nobleman for honoring one of our protected heiresses with his title? We want him, but how much?

What shall we set aside for the man who can make the most comfortable appearance in a Fifth Avenue club?

What is a suitable reward for the ability to corrupt a Legislature? We wouldn't know what to do with honest legislatures, but we can't pay too much to avoid honesty.

What income shall we allow a man, whether Jew or Gentile, who can set the patrons of a Broadway café agog at his capacity to eat and drink?

What share of the national wealth should be made over to the political orator who can keep us blissfully ignorant of our real interests?

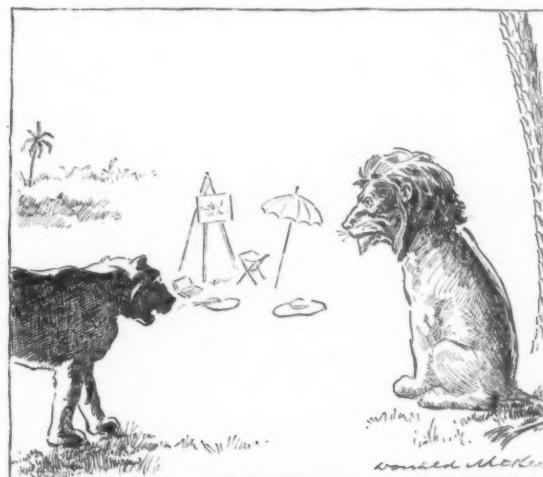
How many automobiles, steam yachts and town and country houses should we assign the monopolist for making it hard for us to get what we need?

What shall we pay the lobbyist who is agitating for more pay for the capitalists?

How much for the labor leader who is agitating for more pay for the wage-workers?

Until political economy can answer these and kindred questions, it must continue to remain dismal.

E. O. J.



"WHAT MAKES YOU ACT SO STRANGELY TO-DAY, LEO?"  
"IT MUST BE THE ARTIST IN ME."

## Ode to Texas

**G**REAT State, the greatest since the fall of  
Ilion,  
What pen presumptuously may strive to  
chronicle  
Your deeds in terms sufficiently Thrason-  
ical

To please your four (or is it seven?) million!  
Let all the Muses step up to the bar  
And drink five fingers to the Single Star!

In sixteen-ninety, brave with helm and sword, a  
Command of Frenchmen founded Matagorda  
And would have stayed, no doubt;  
But, hard upon their heels, a troop of Spaniards  
Arrived; with muskets, culverins and lanyards  
They drove the Frenchmen out.

The proud Castilians had their day  
And swarthy Mexicans held sway  
Till men like Houston, Bowie, Crockett, Carson,  
Who, like old Richelieu, that famous parson,  
Had struck the low word "fail" from out their lexicons,  
Druv out them Mexicans.

And, having raised the star, a nation's sign,  
Despatched to Washington this valentine  
Composed *currente calamo*:  
"Dear Uncle Sam: Please don't forget the Alamo,  
And make haste to annex us.  
Yours most sincerely, Texas."

Her woodland waves, her prairie undulates,  
Her teeming acres spread,—another Eden.  
Why, she could swallow seven common States  
And even Germany, or France, or Sweden!

To do her beauty justice would require  
A tongue more versed than mine in eulogistics;  
Her fruitfulness defies the feeble lyre;—  
Oh, read the Agricultural Statistics

That tell of wheat on blackland prairie swales,  
And coastal rice and sugar!—I've forgotten  
By just how many hundred thousand bales,—  
But anyhow, she stumps us all for cotton.

The crops of maize and barley that she rears  
And luscious fruits, are perfectly amazing.  
The Beef Trust knows how many million steers  
And cows upon her pastures now are grazing.

Her mines are rich; and leagues of pipe connect  
With wells of oil that pour their mellow fountains.  
She has, it seems to me, but one defect—  
Though long on plains she's somewhat short on moun-  
tains.

But oh, her men are wise, her maids are fair;  
And, that her fame may grow and brighten daily,  
She keeps in what is called a "curule chair"  
At Washington, a Senator named Bailey.

Ah, Texas, but for you  
What would our authors do  
For tales of dashing, daring Border Rangers,  
Of cowboys wild and raw,  
Extremely quick to draw,  
Most chivalrous, though often rude to strangers!

The scribes have made you known.  
They've writ of "San Antone,"  
Of ranches by the rushing Colorado,  
Of schoolmarms sweet and bright,  
Of sheriffs "reel polite"  
And picnics on the Llano Estacado.

And still, though thus our scribbling folk have schooled us  
In dreams of other days, they have not fooled us.  
Plain, honest Truth is not to be disguised;  
We know that you're at least as civilized  
In Morals, Manners, Letters, Art and such  
As old New York,—and that's not saying much.  
But, better far than all the Past's bestowing,  
You've vigor, courage, youth and room for growing,  
With friendly will and ample means to care for  
The millions who shall seek your borders; wherefore,  
Hail, Texas!—  
The Nation's Solar Plexus!

Arthur Guiterman.





YOU PUT 'EM ON YOUR HORSES. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF YOUR WIFE PUT 'EM ON YOU?

## *The Winner in Life's Contest*



### *What's on the Sign-Board?*

#### THE WINNING TITLE

Entrance to Grounds of Back-to-Nature Society.  
Leave Your Clothes at the Fence.

THE winning title to the contest picture reproduced on this page was sent in by

M. H. PALMER,  
3846 WOODLEY ROAD,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The picture was first published in LIFE's Newport Number, August 1, and again in the three issues

following, August 8, 15 and 22.

The contest closed at noon on Thursday, August 29.

There were in all 9,977 answers received.

From all of the answers, fifty-five were selected among the probabilities. Each of the judges took a separate list of these fifty-five titles and independently selected five which in his judg-

ment were the best. This resulted in thirteen titles. Then each judge made from this list a final selection of three titles, placing them in the order of merit. It was then discovered that a majority of the judges had selected the title as given.

The titles finally considered by the judges were (omitting the winning title) the twelve that follow:

Go slow.  
An automobile in hand is worth two  
in the bush.

At large! Escaped lunatic! Has  
delusion he is village constable!  
Shoots at automobile parties!

GAS.  
You want it.  
I have it.  
Come get it.  
Five miles to it.  
GARAGE.

The Catskill Road House under new  
management. No Gentiles accommo-  
dated.

AUTOMOBILERS.  
This Road's Like Luv,  
Purty Rocky on Ahead.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN,  
WELL!  
The road beyond is worse than  
HELL.

Honeymooning in the ferry boat.  
Back next week.

The island is yours.  
JONATHAN JONES, Ferryman.

FERRY  
RI " This Hear  
Ferry Broke  
Down Till  
Hank McNeal  
Sobers Up. HE  
BELL.

Signal, ferry boat with \$10 bill,  
If it does not come, try \$20.

REWARD!  
To first person leaving pair of  
trousers here. Whistle twice. Met  
skunk last night.

Dear Friends,  
Go Back!  
Skunks in the Bungalow!  
We Have Fled.  
JOE AND MARY.

I took the gasolean—I hadn't orter—  
And also took your dorter.  
BLANK, THE SHORFER.



*Patronizing Visitor:* WHAT'S THAT GROWING THERE, MY FRIEND?  
*Texas Farmer:* STRAW HATS FOR NEW YORK.

## Medieval History

NOBODY has ever yet satisfactorily explained why professors are engaged to teach medieval history to college students.

There are three major objections to medieval history: (1) It isn't true, (2) it isn't interesting and (3) it is of no value. But even if it were all of these things, the college student is far from realizing it and leaves the institution with no knowledge on the subject that he can talk about for five consecutive minutes. The most he carries away with him is a confused jumble of Goths, and Visigoths, and Huns, and Vandals, and Diets, and Papal Bulls, and Charles the Hammers, and James the Maniacals, and Thomas the Colerics, and William the Dyspeptics, and so on throughout the entire gamut of pathology. He knows that they were fighting all the time, that the map changed every other Wednesday and that the kings and knights and princes and barons and other personages remind him of a kaleidoscope hitched to a perpetual motion machine. But he doesn't know what it's all about.

When middle-aged professors of more than middle-aged colleges attempt to make head or tail of the conglomeration or inject interest into the meager and questionable details that have trickled down to us from the Middle Ages, they come about as near wasting the time of their students and the money of their endowers as can be imagined.

E. O. J.

## Good News for Some Animals

Dr. Doyen, the noted French surgeon, has caused surprise by taking the stand that the yearly slaughter in the laboratories of thousands of guinea pigs, rabbits, cats, mice and dogs produces practically no advance in the science of treating human disease.

"I consider it a grave error to study human therapeutics through little animals. The tuberculosis of guinea pigs is no more that of man than is the cancer in mice the same as cancer in a human being."  
*Journal of Zoophily.*

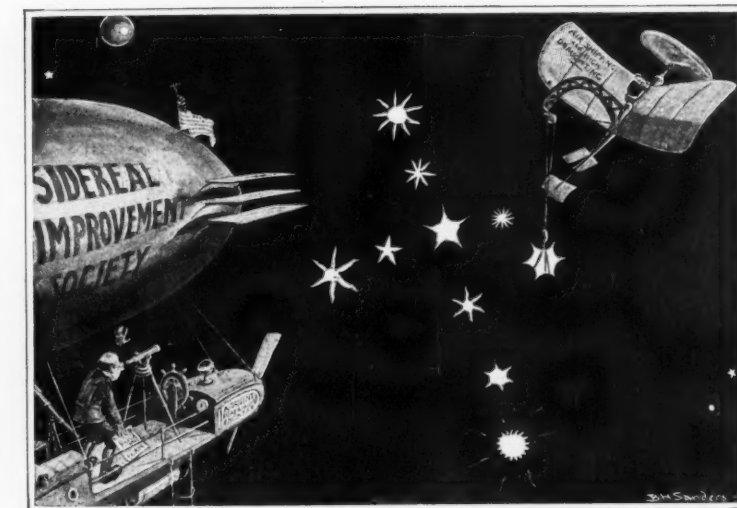
VERY tactless of Dr. Doyen. He might show more consideration for those other vivisectors whose discoveries of cure for both cancer and tuberculosis have become a standing joke.

## Bulls and Bears

THE opening of Wall Street Monday found all the desks and brokers and stenographers and telephone operators and messenger boys in much the same positions as they had occupied the week before. As soon as everything was fairly under way a corps of brokers brought in a quantity of stocks and laid them in the middle of the floor. The ticker immediately announced that stocks were down.

Then the brokers, both young and old, joined hands in a circle and, chanting a low and solemn air, such as is used by the sun-worshippers, marched slowly around the apparently lifeless mass of certificates. For exactly twenty-one minutes they continued this, the ticker meanwhile doing its best to make the news look encouraging.

Suddenly, however, the stocks in question began to puff slightly. Slowly, but unmistakably, they swelled and swelled and then left the floor. Up and up they went, now an eighth of a point, now a half, now a whole point and now in five-point jerks. The brokers broke ranks and began to buy furiously. It was a scene that nobody will ever forget. Up to the ceiling and out through the skylight went the



THE LONE STAR

IT WOULD PUT THE SOUTHERN CROSS INTO BETTER SHAPE

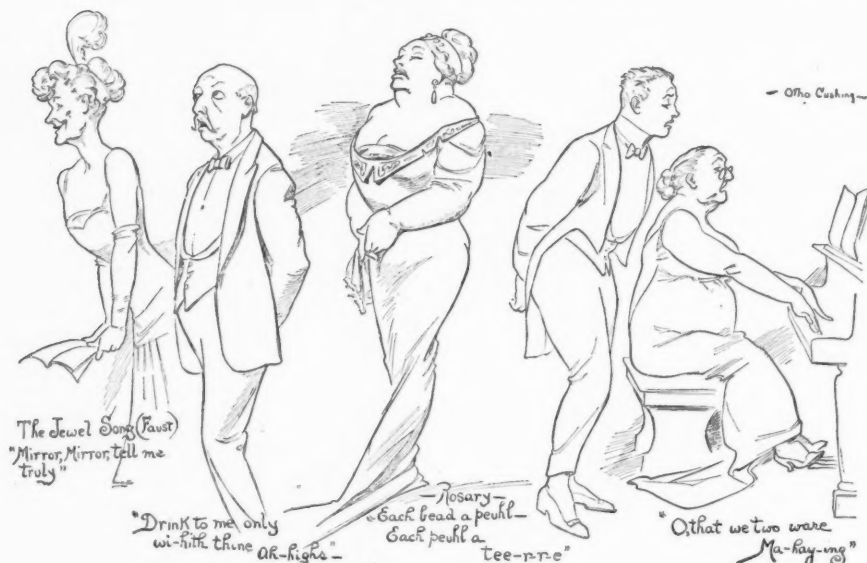
stocks, as blithely as a spring zephyr. Millions of dollars were gained in less than no time. Several of the brokers produced powerful binoculars so as better to watch the stocks, which by now were no larger than a man's hand.

While the enthusiasm was at its height one of the brokers suddenly announced that the stocks had ceased to rise. The ticker was notified. A

breathless stillness enveloped the anxious assembly. Then he announced that they were falling. Slowly at first, just as they had gone up. Then faster and faster and faster. Brokers rushed to their posts to dispose of their holdings. Millions of dollars were lost in less than no time. Pandemonium threatened. Strong men sprang to the middle of the floor and sobbed that they would be ruined unless the stocks' descent was arrested.

Most of the brokers were now gathered beneath the skylight, their necks craned upward. As they watched, they observed a fluttering just above the center stock. This fluttering became more pronounced and then, spreading open like an umbrella, they all perceived it was a parachute. Nothing but this saved the street from the worst panic in its history. While the stocks dropped gracefully and gently to the floor, the brokers had plenty of time to buy or sell, as the case may be. Morgan was credited with averting the disaster and prices sank back with a sigh of relief.

The rest of the week was spent in discussing the strange phenomenon. On Saturday the bank statement came out and it was seen that the banks were doing quite well in spite of the inelasticity of the currency.



THEIR FAVORITE SONGS





AT PLAY

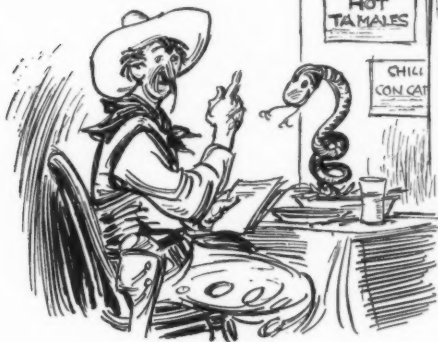


A KNOCK KNEED STRANGER  
IS A CURIOSITY



"SIT STILL NELL,  
THERE'S A FLY ON  
YOUR LEFT EAR."

"WAITAH, YOU MAY  
TAKE AWAY THE SALAD"



TEETHING



MILKING TIME



SOME WRONG IMPRESSIONS OF TEXAS



*The Happy State: WHY, HOW DO YOU DO? AND WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HEAVEN?*

"GREAT; BUT IT DOESN'T TOUCH TEXAS."

### Nonsense

The revolt of woman is the revolt against that degradation that would condemn them to a single function—motherhood. They have reached that stage in their intellectual evolution when they no longer regard maternity as the *ultima thule*. There is no revolt against sex; for the instinct of sex is too powerful to be suppressed; but there is a passionate demand that woman be recognized as man's equal.

That demand—the demand for equality—has been perverted, deliberately and through ignorance. It does not mean that woman claims to be man's physical or intellectual equal; what it does mean is that woman asks to be considered as man's equal within her own limitations and not to be looked upon as his inferior based solely upon the fact of sex.

*A. Maurice Low in the North American Review.*

YOU mean that one woman in about one thousand feels this way, and this because her instincts have been perverted.

But you don't mean it about the nine hundred and ninety-nine other women who feel nothing of the sort.

These nine hundred and ninety-nine women are too much occupied with other things. Besides, they don't believe that men are superior.

They know altogether too much to believe such nonsense as that.

### Little Orphant Teddy

*(With profound apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)*

LITTLE Orphant Teddy's come to our house to stay,  
To clean things up as well as out, an' raise the deuce,  
they say;  
An' shoo the Bosses off the stoop, an' dust the White House  
floors,  
An' kick the Magnets off their perch, and lock 'em out o'  
doors.  
An' all us other children, we'm have promised to be good  
Er little Orphant Teddy he won't let us have no food;  
An' we jest set an' listen to the spooks he tells about,  
An' the Big Bull Moose 'at gits you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Oncet they was a great big Trust 'at nuveer would behave,  
An' allers gobbled up the gold 'at other peoples save,  
An' when it grabbed most all there was a feller he come  
round  
With great big teeth a-flarin', an' they made a scrunchin'  
sound,  
An' when the man 'at made the Trust come lookin' for his  
shares  
They wasn't any Trust at all around there anywheres—  
An' all he found was jest a spot, 'longside a water-spout,  
An' the Big Bull Moose 'll git you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' one time another chap 'at useter fib a lot  
Come runnin' round a cornder for to tell some news he'd got,  
An' fore he knowed where he was at there come a grindin'  
noise  
Like thirty-seven giunts eatin' ninety-leven boys,  
An' down from summers in the air there come a fearful flub  
An' that there feller he got hit with th' Annie Nius Club!  
It crushed him, an' it squashed him, an' it slammed him all  
about,  
An' the Big Bull Moose 'll git you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' little Orphant Teddy says he's goin' to take the earth  
An' give it a lambastin' jest for all thet he is worth.  
He's goin' to lam his Uncle Sam, an' soon as he is through  
He's goin' to tackle Yurrupe, an' the folks in Asia too;  
An' when he's cleaned 'em up he says he's goin' to take the  
Sea

An' pore it down the black hole where the Devil's said to be;  
An' then he's goin' to Heaven, where he'll tell 'em all about  
The Bull Moose as 'll get them

Ef they  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

*John Kendrick Bangs.*









The Mermaid: WHAT'S THE GOOD OF HAVING TWO?



### Some More Curtains Ring Up



WHEN Grandpop makes his usual sacrifice of time, money and his own feelings to take little Willy to the Hippodrome he will find that some of the ladies who assisted in the ballet at the opening of that institution are still with us. They have added to themselves a few years and some embonpoint, but in energy and smiles are quite as vigorous as their younger comrades who have been recruited since.

Grandpop will also find that this year's entertainment is quite as gorgeous and varied as any that have gone before it. In fact, it is more pleasing than any of its predecessors. The Hippodrome idea of horse and animal features, circus athletics and clowning has been largely abandoned, and the entertainment is pretty closely confined to spectacle, ballet and musical numbers.

There are the usual stentorian actors trying to convey some notion of a plot across the foot-lights, but the audience doesn't mind them, and the plot diverts no one's attention from the succession of really impressive stage pictures and the beauty of the ballets, costumes and groupings. The Hippodrome stage allows of effects that are obtained in none of our other places of stage entertainment, and Mr. Arthur Voegtlin, who is the responsible producer, has shown remarkable taste and ability in securing absolutely stunning effects.

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS is now the dean of American dramatists. In quantity his output is limited and he does not compete with the "plays-to-order-while-you-wait" dramatists, so what he does is usually worth consideration.

In his latest example, "The Model," he is content to be a dramatist only and does not seek to impress on theatre-goers his valuable discoveries in psychology. The nearest approach in this play to his didactic method is a discourse by one of his characters on the distinction between the "nude" and the "naked" in the art of the painter. As it is brief and couched in poetic terms, besides being true, it does not seriously interrupt the action and gains applause from those who think they think. If Mr. Thomas seeks to teach in this play, he does it only mildly and by legitimately showing the difference between the French and Puritanical ways of looking at certain infringements of the moral law, with the author's bias in favor of the French disregard for non-essentials.

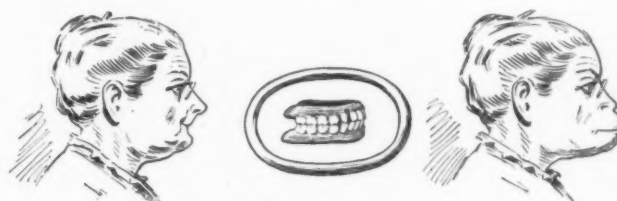
The story is not a startlingly brilliant or novel one and concerns itself with the old question of whether an artist should marry his model. To-day this is about as important as whether a doctor should marry his patient, a lawyer his client or a clergyman his parishioner, but it serves as a peg on which to hang four acts of rather pleasant dramatic action, punctuated with Mr. Thomas's clever turns in dialogue and repartee. The plot is obvious and leads to no very novel or ingenious situations.

The honors of the acting go to Mr. William Courtleigh, who seems to have got under the very skin of the charming type of Frenchman, who in being a gallant husband and affectionate father has not forgotten that he was once a bad boy and a bachelor. It is a charming impersonation, and author and artist have combined in giving us a most agreeable stage creation. Gail Kane has the part of the model. She is personally very attractive and suffices to the part, but with more experience and training would make it stand out more strongly. The rest of the cast is competent, as is shown by the inclusion of such artists as Ffolliott Paget and Messrs. Frederick Perry and John Findlay.

"The Model" doesn't size up with some of Mr. Thomas's other plays. That's not saying that it isn't very good stage entertainment indeed.



THERE'S no subtlety and not much muck-raking in Mr. Charles Klein's dramatization of the Rex Beach novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well." It's a hammer-and-tongs sort of play, reminiscent of Mr. William Collier, Mr. Richard Harding Davis and countless musical shows in its brusque United States methods of intercourse with the government officials of Central American states. It is not calculated to increase the *entente cordiale* between us and our neighbors on the South, nor to diminish our own present disrespect for the



THE EFFECT



"Where are we, John?"

"Dunno. I was steering for Texas, but this

LIFE.



exas, but this looks more like Alaska."



sort of men our national ward politics foists on other countries as our representatives abroad. All the same the play has a certain dash and go to it. It has for its setting the Panama Canal neighborhood, in which we are all interested, and, if one is not strenuous in love of probability and possibility, will pass for a melodrama of contemporary interest.

With a chuckle-head for a hero and a female chump for a heroine, not much can be expected in the way of heart-interest from the audience. In the acting of these roles Mr. Hale Hamilton, recently known as *Wallingford* in the get-rich-quick play, and Katherine Kaelred do not do much to dispel the lack of illusion created by the authors. The cast is a large one and the staging elaborate, which in a period when old-fashioned melodrama is about due for revival should help make up for the general crudeness of the play as a play.



**A** YOUNG dramatist like Mr. Philip Bartholomae, who has chosen farce-writing as his sphere, might do well to recognize that as farces are from their nature necessarily incongruous and improbable in their main propositions, the utmost care should be taken to eliminate incongruity and improbability from the minor details. In "Little Miss Brown," for instance, the audience with its imagination under a strain to digest the main story is constantly jarred by the lack of respect for its credulity in little things. For instance, great stress is laid upon the plainness of the outer and under wearing apparel taken from the trunk of a female character about to appear on the stage. When she comes on it is in the person of the charming Olive Harper Thorne, attired in the very latest and most stunning creations of the fashionable dressmaker. The trunk business, her relationship to the other characters and her lines all call for an elderly frump. Instead of that, and probably with some inartistic idea of satisfying a fancied public demand, the character is thrown completely out of the picture. Mr. Bartholomae shows the same lack of attention to detail in totally ignoring plausibility in the innumerable exits and entrances of his characters. At best these things are difficult in farce, but this author should go back to his French

models and study a little more closely their methods with the adjacent rooms, the screens, the closets and other paraphernalia of working up laughable complications.

THE author has devised some very clever situations, one of which, very original in conception, could have been made much more effective with a little elaboration on his part and a better handling by the stage mechanics and artists. The curtain goes up, showing part of the façade of a hotel, the back drop being punctured to make a practical open window on the fifth floor. From this one of the characters is supposed to lower the heroine by a knotted sheet. Her struggles, as she locks down on the supposedly great distance to the ground, are part of the humorous business, but unfortunately the scene was so painted and lighted as to convey very little idea of actuality.

These defects are not fatal to "Little Miss Brown." Its fun with hotel methods is pointed and laughable. So are many of its situations. The facial versatility of Madge Kennedy, the very pretty girl who has the title part, is one of the play's most valuable assets, among which should also be included Mr. William Morris's ingenuousness and the eccentricity of Mr. Ned Sparks's officious hotel clerk with Sherlock Holmes tendencies. Mattie Ferguson has artistry enough to raise the commonplace role of an Irish chambermaid out of the commonplace.

But oh, Mr. Bartholomae, how could you, how could you have so little reverence for the dead and gone as to drag from its final resting place that story of the girl and the cocktails and the cherries, and put it in a play on the stage of a New York theatre in this, the twentieth century, when we are living in an era of true progressiveness?

Metcalf.



*Academy of Music.*—"The Girl from Brighton." Notice later.

*Broadway.*—"Hanky Panky." Girl-and-music show of the usual kind, elaborately staged.

*Criterion.*—"The Girl from Montmartre." Ordinary musical show using "The Girl from Maxim's" for its libretto.

*Daly's.*—"Discovering America," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. Notice later.

*Empire.*—Mr. John Drew in Mr. Alfred Sutro's "The Perplexed Husband." Notice later.

*Globe.*—"The Rose Maid." Diverting musical show, with catchy Viennese score.

*Harris.*—"The Model," by Mr. Augustus Thomas. See above.

*Hippodrome.*—"Under Many Flags." See above.

*Maxine Elliott's.*—Mr. James Montgom-

ery's "Ready Money." Highly amusing and well acted comedy of the get-rich-quick school.

*Wallack's.*—"Disraeli." Mr. George Arliss's artistic counterfeiting of the title character in pleasing Victorian drama.

*Winter Garden.*—"The Passing Show of 1912." Girls and music galore, dotted with vaudeville numbers.

*Casino.*—"The Merry Countess." Strauss music well sung, an excellent cast, good dancing, making altogether an unusually good assemblage of music, girls and fun.

*Comedy.*—Last week of "Burty Pulls the Strings." Clever and well acted satirical Scotch comedy.

*Forty-eighth Street.*—"Little Miss Brown." See above.

*Gaiety.*—"Officer 666." Farce treating New York's police more humorously than most people are inclined to just now. Very amusing.

*Lyceum.*—Miss Billie Burke in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," by Arthur Pinero. Notice later.

*Lyric.*—"The Ne'er-Do-Well," by Mr. Charles Kleir. See above.

*Park.*—"My Best Girl," by Messrs. Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Notice later.

*Playhouse.*—"Bought and Paid For." Clever and well acted emotional drama which is achieving a really remarkable run.

*Republic.*—"The Governor's Lady," by Alice Bradley. Notice later.

*Thirty-ninth Street.*—"The Master of the House." Crude drama of marital infidelity.



#### WEATHER NOTE

THE FALL IS COMING SOON

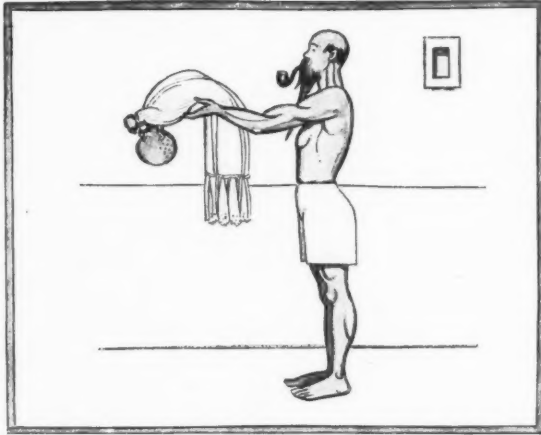




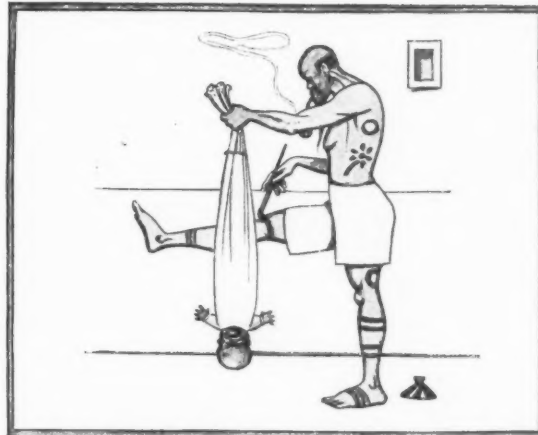


*A Compendium of Timely Information*

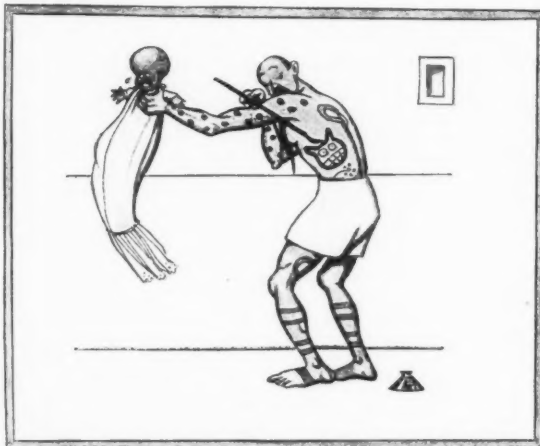
*How to Soothe the Baby*



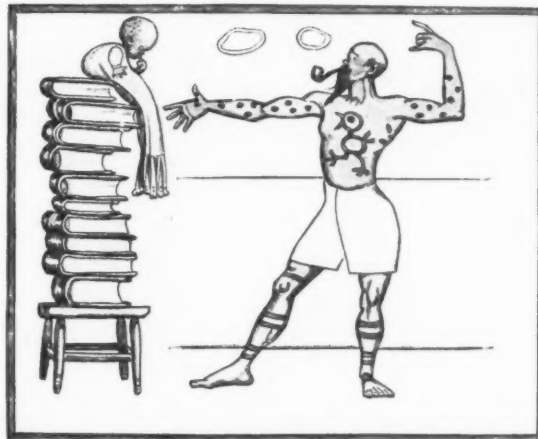
1. Hold the child at arms length in the left hand



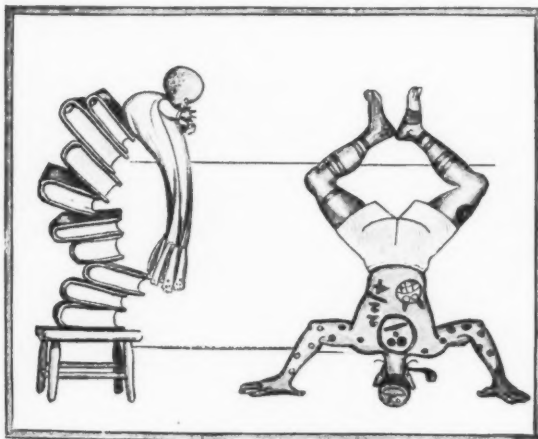
2. Take a brush in the right hand and tattoo yourself quickly from head to foot



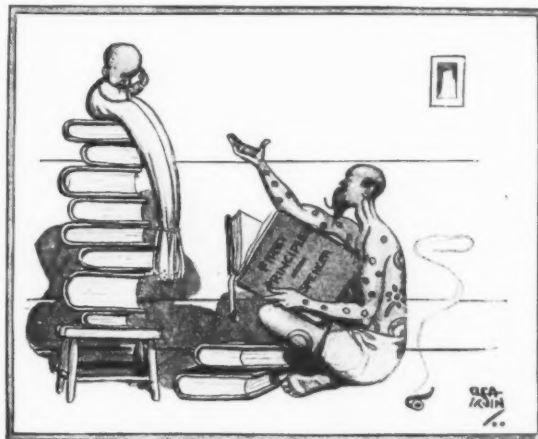
3. Choosing subjects that will amuse the childish mind



4. Place the infant where it can see all the pictures



5. From time to time varying the posture



6. When the child has become tractable read to it several passages from standard philosophical works



## CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



BY J. B. KERFOOT

*Blinds Down*, by Horace Annesley Vachell. A double love story and two-fold tale of transition from mid-victorianism to modernity. A novel that realists and sentimentalists can join in enjoying.

*Bottled Sunshine*, by Mary Dale. An anti-pessimistic preachment enveloped in the fictional cloak of an ex-groucher's confession.

*The Drunkard*, by Guy Thorne. A study of the mental and physical results of alcoholic poisoning, presented in a flamboyant tale of heredity and crime.

*The Fall Guy*, by Brand Whitlock. Fourteen short stories; political, sociological, romantic and reminiscent. The kind of honest tales that generally manage to drive their nails home without ever quite hitting them on the head.

*In Cotton Wool*, by W. B. Maxwell. The able, if unnecessarily prolix, history of the effect of mental and moral dry rot on an Admirable Crichton.

*The Labyrinth of Life*, by E. A. U. Valentine. A literary novel about a would-be litterateur who lived in Paris and had philosophic indigestion.

*Memories of James McNeill Whistler*, by Thomas R. Way. In which the son of the well-known lithographic printer gives the history of his intercourse with Whistler as artist-lithographer.

*The New History*, by James Harvey Robinson. Essays on emerging alterations in historical perspective and hints as to the possibilities of historical continuity.

*One of Us*, by Ezra Brudno. A story that purports to be the self-interpretative

autobiography of a hunchback, but which is really a fictional melodrama perfumed with morbidity.

*The Permanent Uncle*, by Douglas Goldring. The engaging account of a perfectly proper abduction. An enjoyable bit of light fiction.

*The Principal Girl*, by J. C. Snaith. A sly satire on a form of theatrical novel much in vogue, and at the same time a story of intrinsic interest.

*Problems of Sex*, by Professors Arthur Thompson and Patrick Geddes. One of the "New Tracts for the Times," by the authors of "The Evolution of Sex." The biological aspect of common perplexities finely stated.

*The Search Party*, by G. A. Birmingham. One of several Irish novels by the latest specially imported author. An elusive but delightful mixture of pure human nature and unadulterated nonsense.

*Spanish Gold*, by G. A. Birmingham. Another of the above novels. A story of a Frank Stocktonian quality; killing funny, but with a humor that consumes its own smoke.

*The Sign at Six*, by Stewart Edward White. How a crazy scientist played horrific tricks on New York. A jolly joy ride, with Mr. White's imagination at the wheel.

*The Theories of Evolution*, by Yves Delage and Marie Goldsmith. A simple, succinct and lucid presentment of the main outlines of evolutionary speculation.

*White Ashes*, by Sidney R. Kennedy and Alden G. Noble. A good story about two rival fire insurance companies and a big conflagration.



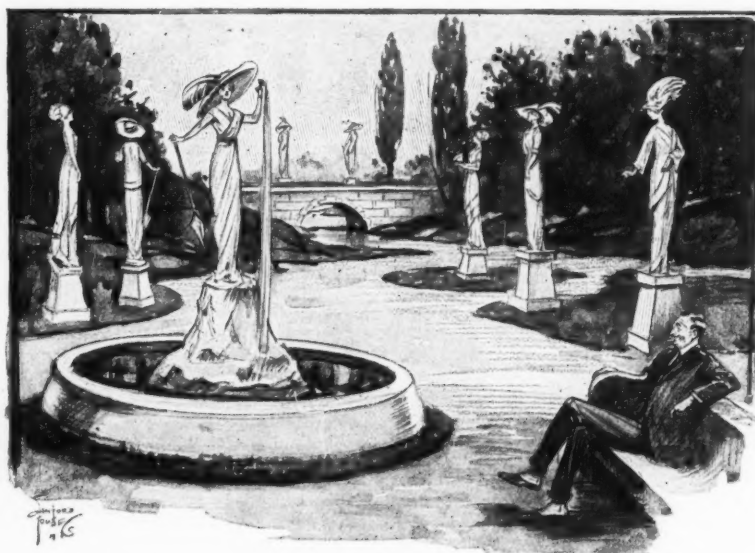
GOING UP AFTER A HOT ONE

## Our Personal Column

MAYOR GAYNOR on being interviewed expressed his great confidence in Charles W. Morse, Harry Thaw, Uriah Heep, Judas Iscariot, and City Chamberlain Hyde. "These men," said the Mayor, "have been much maligned. I am going to stand by them anyway."

It is rumored that Lord Mersey will soon accept an appointment by the White Star Line to write all their advertisements.

One of the candidates for election this year is William H. Taft. It is said that this gentleman is a graduate of Yale and that he has a pleasant manner. He has traveled extensively. It has also been rumored that he was once President of the United States, but there seems to be little truth in this.



ESTATE, NEAR GALVESTON OF MONSIEUR MODE, THE FASHIONABLE LADIES' TAILOR





EARTHRISE ON THE MOON

## Texas

IN the grand old days antedating the eighties, when the Panhandle, the Pecos and El Paso were as vague and mysterious as Prester John; when buffalo bounded on the border and longhorns loped on the ranges; when gunmen and Greasers, cowboys and coyotes, thirst and trouble were the dominant features of the landscape; when faro was a fad and the fusillade a fad; when pistols produced politeness and bowies abridged boorishness; when San Antone was the center of the universe and the Rio Grande the Ultima Thule, the Lone Star State was hot and heady, hospitable and Homeric, horsey and heroic, bold and belligerent, artless and alcoholic; Texas was as wide-open as her hearts and her acres, and her name in the timid East was a synonym for hades and homicide.

In those good old days the boiled

shirt, the silk hat, the dinner coat and other garments of an effete and juiceless civilization were taboo; Texas was in the saddle; society was booted and spurred; the fence was an offense; cattle was king, and snakes, chapparal, fleas, firearms, alkali and alcohol were familiar household words.

Then came the railroads and regeneration, fences and finance, irrigation and agitation, populism and prohibition, immigration and conservation; the abandonment of whiskers and whiskey, freedom and ferocity, the horse and heroics; the passage of the bad-man, the eclipse of the man on horseback; the transfer of the poignant, peppery, passionate pugnacity of Texas from man to nature; the transformation of homicidal energy into industrial activity; the creation of colleges, class poets and football teams; the discovery of oil and stock-watering, the introduction of the auto, the incoming of muckraking, trust-busting

and insurgency; and primeval, elemental Texas was dead.

To-day Texas is more peaceful, pious and protected than Brooklyn; the soda-fountain bubbles on her corners; the fame of the quiet, peace and health of her winter resorts glows in the magazines; the pugilist and the sport look upon Texas with an evil eye, and her gentle church vestries shudder at the lawlessness of New York and the depravity of Boston.

*Joseph Smith.*

## Saved!

THE country is safe.

It is officially denied that Mrs. Woodrow Wilson smokes cigarettes.

If she did smoke cigarettes, her husband would, of course, be unfit to be elected President of the United States.

MEN with little learning can jump the farthest—to conclusions.

*Intimate Interviews*

"Have you ever—"

**Colonel Watterson**

"WELL, Marse Henry," as he spoke, Colonel Watterson turned and gazed fondly at Colonel Watterson.

It was a fair day in Kentucky and the mint juleps could be heard carolling their song to the sky.

"Won't you be seated, sah?"

"Thank you, sah."

Nothing could be more friendly or genial than the meeting of these two great men, both of them renowned in peace, in war, in oratory and in the field of honor.

"It's a singular thing, Colonel," said Henry Watterson at last, "that we cannot find a candidate who will suit us."

"Isn't it, Colonel? How many years have we been looking for one?"

"Ever since I can remember. Why, it must be ever since the War. There was Tilden and Grover Cleveland, both good men, but somehow—"

"I know what you would say, Colonel, but somehow there isn't anything Democratic that's good enough to run. Now, there is Woodrow Wilson—I have hopes of him, haven't you, in spite of the past?"

"Yes, sah. But I must confess that I am not altogether carried away by him. But his being a Southern gentleman, sah, led me to believe that—"

"I know, I know, that's the sad part of it. Do you know, Colonel—"

With this Colonel Watterson got up softly and went to the door and closed out the bright Kentucky sunlight. His gentle voice lowered.

"My dear Colonel," he said, "have you ever thought of yourself as a candidate for the Presidency?"

"I have, sah, and dismissed it at once. Never, sah."

"But—"

"My ambition doesn't lie that way."

"And what would you rather be?"

"I would rather be Col. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, a gentleman whose judgment is sought, a man of honor, a delightful companion and always welcome, than be President of the United States."

There was a pause.

"And so would I."

**An Erroneous Statement**

IN a paragraph concerning the railroads which appeared in *LIFE* of August 8th, there was an erroneous statement to the effect that no railroad pays back any part of the fare when it fails to deliver its passengers on time. There are exceptions to this rule; notably in the case of the fast trains on the Pennsylvania and New York Central systems.

**Life's Lucid Lexicon**

**ANTHRACITE**—A kind of fuel which cannot be utilized without great profit to a few individuals. This profit is said to have divine sanction. (See Baer.)

**Abolish**—To destroy, to get rid of, such as when a trust forces a competitor out of business.

**Anecdote**—A brief account of an incident that never occurred in the life of some famous man.

**Bargain**—Something you do not want, sold at a low enough price to make you want it.



"HELLO! POLICE HEADQUARTERS? THERE'S A BURGLAR IN THE HOUSE AND I'VE ARMED MYSELF WITH THE ICE PICK. IS THAT AGAINST THE LAW?"

Rambler

Rambler

# To the American Woman!

**The  
Cross  
Country  
\$1700**



**The Gasoline  
and Electric  
Sedan  
\$2500**

Merely press button under left foot to start the gasoline and electric motor.

**E**VERY woman has longed to drive her own gasoline car, but it was neither easy nor pleasant to crank. Now, you can step into the Cross country, press the starting button, and you are on your way. You can start and stop when you please.

You can take your husband to his place of business in the morning, and enjoy the car all day for shopping, calling and pleasure drives. Your daughter can load the car with her friends and take them out to the Country Club or for a picnic.

## Clean and Protected

Wear the most delicate gown that you choose. The forward compartment is clean. There is no oil and grease; no dirty parts to be handled.

If caught in a storm, the top and side curtains give you the same protection as does a closed car. If you kill the motor, you don't have to get out and crank—simply press the button.

To light the lamps, push a button convenient to your right hand. At night, if light in the forward compartment is desired, open the inner reflector on the dash, and the front floor pedals and levers are illuminated.

## Rich in Appearance

This is the car to delight a woman's eye. To her rare good taste will appeal its perfect proportions, the sweeping grace of the body lines and the symmetry of the guards.

Coming or going, the Cross Country is an aristocrat of the road. When you meet another car you unconsciously compare it with your own. The Cross Country, with its fine lines, high distinctive radiator and large black and nickel electric headlights, affords

an added sense of pride in its possession.

The finish is a beautiful shade of light Brewster Green with black beading and hair line gold stripe. The highly finished black japan metal parts, with their nickel trimmings, and the highly polished dash and door moldings, produce a rich and lasting finish in which every woman may take justifiable pride in showing to her friends.

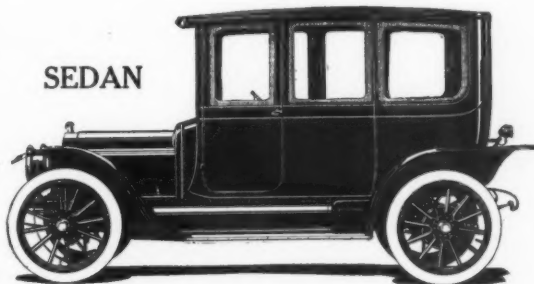
The mechanism has been steadily perfected until now there is no question as to its

reliability. It is as far from your mind as is the locomotive from the mind of a passenger in a Pullman.

Your consciousness of it is limited to the confidence that you may rely upon it. Whenever your mind turns to it, you will find enjoyment in its quiet effectiveness.

The easy steady motion of the springs is a constant delight. Even on rough roads, you may ride all day with pleasure and return without fatigue.

SEDAN



All windows, except the rear window, are made to drop. The front window swings forward. This provides what is practically an open but covered car, suitable for any weather conditions. The interior, trimmed in gray Bedford cord with gray silk window shades, is light and cheerful. Electric lights illuminate the interior in the evening.

The rear seat will comfortably accommodate three people of ordinary size. Your seat for driving is individual and shaped to the back. It is the most comfortable of all the seats. The left forward seat, when not in use, folds out of the way. This provides passage from the front to the rear seat. You can pass to the front seats by entering from the curb on the right side, or you can pass to the rear seat if you enter from the forward door on the left side.

In this car you enjoy all the advantages of the electric coupe, without its limitations. Started by pressing a button, attractive and tasteful in design, comfortable, suitable for any road or weather conditions, and unlimited as to distance, this style is bound to be popular with women.

## Ten-Inch Upholstery

You grasp the steering wheel with a sense of mastery. It turns so easily without a single vibrating jar to the hand. Settle down into the ten-inch upholstery. Lean back against the deep cushions. You are dominated by a feeling of spacious ease and gratifying comfort.

The doors are equipped with commodious pockets for veils, pocket books and gloves, and the folding robe rail opens to provide comfortable capacity for robes and wraps. The broad carpet covered foot rest in the tonneau is in just the right position for perfect relaxation. Besides there is ample room in the tonneau for two suit cases. The large doors permit you to pass in and out with ease.

## Equipment

Equipment: Large electric head lamps, flush electric dash lamps, electric tail lamp, extension inspection lamp, hinged robe rail, foot rest and complete tool equipment; top, \$70; windshield, \$30.

May we send you the little booklet we have prepared especially for women? A postal card with your name and address will bring it to you.

**The Thomas B. Jeffery Company**  
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Branches: Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco





*We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity is Absolutely Essential to Publication*

### With Us

DEAR LIFE:

In your issue of the 23d inst., Mr. A. A. Penn rallies you upon your lack of humor, an injustice of which the writer, too, was at one time guilty. Let him try a diet of your humorous (?) contemporaries, as I did, and he, too, will return to you with a fresher palate and a keener appreciation of the better things in LIFE.

Yours to a cinder,

DANIEL J. SMITH.

LOUISVILLE, KY.,

July 23, 1912.

### Yea, Verily!

EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR: In a recent issue you have an article entitled "Who Killed G. O. P.?" Those men and combinations who are brought to trial for the dastardly deed are five in number. Or, rather, you suggest five who might have done it. I say that it matters not who killed G. O. P. Rejoice ye that it is dead. By the size of its tombstone (Taft) shall ye know it hereafter. 'Tis thus with all rotten eggs; with age do they finally burst and are exceedingly obnoxious. It is also to be observed that they go off with much noise, it being thusly with the G. O. P. I repeat that the means of delivery matter not; rejoice that he, she or it is dead.

Yet its offspring may prosper when that it shall be brought about that its name is changed from the "Roosevelt National Progressive Party" to the "National Progressive Party," which same will come probably not sooner than does appear another tombstone in the political graveyard, same being the retired prefix of aforementioned enlightened party. Observe ye hereafter if it is not even thus. Fresh seeds from over-ripe pumpkins are produced. Rejoice ye likewise for this.

In the meanwhile observe ye the burial procession of G. O. P., which shall find its culmination in the month of November. Lay the sod lightly, Woodrow; have no fear of a resurrection.

Respectfully yours,

W. GORDON PINGREE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.,

August 5, 1912.

### Recalling Old Friends

BLESSED LIFE:

While there are so many good folks, in their own way, ranting about the religious beliefs of our aspirants to political office, why is it that all seem to like to take a peck at the Roman Catholic? It's funny. It's to laugh. Especially when the most bitter declare they're the only ones who are saving the country. Were not the Puritans, the Quakers, the Huguenots and other creeds forced to come to the lands of the Indian for religious freedom? So why should one sect be entitled to more than the other?

We hear a lot about how Roman Catholics are driving the country to the dogs. But who made these United States possible? Wasn't it Catholic France, when the men of 1776 were down and out, that sent her war vessels, her soldiers, her generals and money to us and saved us, while Lutheran Germany's Hessian troops and England's were trying to crush us under foot?

My ancestors have been on these shores since the day they arrived with William Penn, and they fought and bled to make these United States, but they did no more, and to-day are doing no more, to make the eagle scream than are our Roman Catholic citizens.

J. P. LUCAS.

NEW YORK,

August 8, 1912.

### Who Are the Stultifiers?

EDITOR OF LIFE:

DEAR SIR: The editor of the *Medical Review of Reviews* writes to LIFE some "encouraging words" (to quote your heading to Dr. Wile's letter). But the good doctor suggests that before LIFE takes up its propaganda to have a reporter present at all hospital surgical operations, it should "assimilate the truths regarding vaccination, experimental medicine, serum treatment, and similar facts, so that the columns of LIFE will cease to delude and stultify its readers."

The truth of it is, the mind of the editor of LIFE has been "deluded and stultified" by the writings of such men as the late Herbert Spencer, the present

Alfred Russell Wallace, "the dean of English scientists," who are in accord with all other scientific statisticians in this country and Europe who have examined the facts and figures relating to smallpox and vaccination. Dr. Wile is doubtless an honest and conscientious man. If he be that, really, and will make a scientific study of this question—well, he will directly lose his job on the *Review*, for no man who knows and seeks to promulgate the truth about vaccination, "antitoxin," and the serums in general, would be tolerated as editor of any medical journal for a single month.

CHARLES E. PAGE, M.D.

BOSTON,

August 14, 1912.



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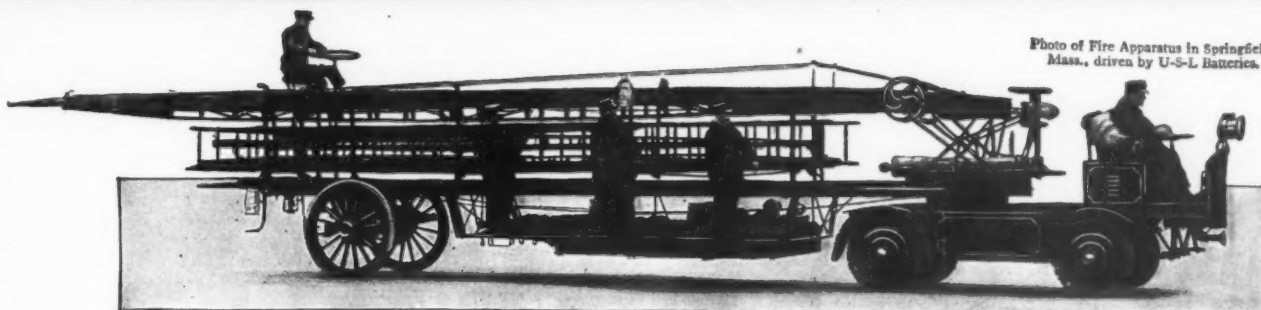


Photo of Fire Apparatus in Springfield, Mass., driven by U-S-L Batteries.

Where the Test is Severest

**USL** TRADE MARK

**Storage Battery**  
THE UNITED STATES LIGHT AND HEATING CO.

(Formerly National)

The demand for speed and power, for sustained voltage dependability and general high efficiency has led to the selection of the U-S-L Storage Battery for every important installation of electrically-driven fire equipment in the United States.

In Springfield, Mass., four pieces of apparatus—weighing from 7½ to 10 tons—are propelled from 23 to 36 miles an hour by U-S-L Batteries. Endorsing their service, Chief Engineer W. H. Daggett, says: "The apparatus has not been an hour out of service on account of battery trouble since installation, and after two years of service the plates show scarcely any sign of deterioration. I can say that our experience with U-S-L Batteries has thus far been very pleasing and altogether satisfactory."

If you use or contemplate purchasing an electric truck or pleasure car, and want Fire Department dependability, insist on the installation of the U-S-L Battery. It is made in the largest plant in the world devoted exclusively to specialized electrical products; it is backed by 14 years' experience and an organization of eminent engineers.

On every point of merit and performance, the U-S-L challenges comparison with any other storage battery in the world, regardless of name or type.

It has repeatedly proved itself to require less charging current for a given energy output than any other battery, which means greater mileage at less expense. In voltage maintenance under severe service, it stands out as a signal achievement in storage battery engineering.

A car equipped with a U-S-L is lively and responsive as the limit of discharge approaches. Many batteries become loggy and heavy. On hills, sandy stretches, and under heavy overload, this unique characteristic of the U-S-L Battery most asserts its value.

## U-S-L Service

Operating from our service stations located in eight large cities, we maintain an active corps of experts and inspectors who are at the disposal of U-S-L users. U-S-L Service means continuous attention toward the end of maximum efficiency. All stations carry extra parts.

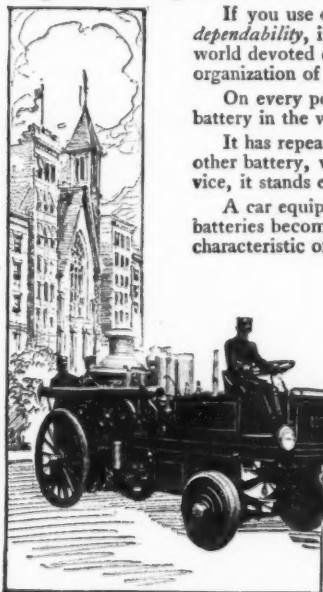
Write for Information

**The U. S. Light & Heating Co.**

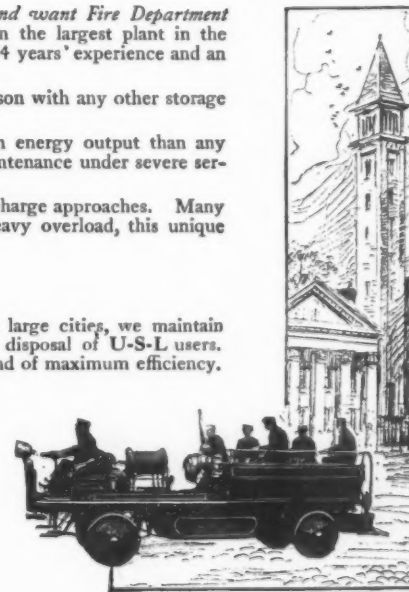
General Offices: 30 Church Street, New York  
Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices and Service Stations: Chicago, New York,  
Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

Manufacturers also of the U-S-L Electric Starter and  
Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles.



U-S-L Battery-Driven Apparatus In New York Fire Department.



U-S-L Battery-Driven Apparatus In Springfield, Mass., Fire Department.

USL

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### Self Restraint

It was a very hot day and the fat drummer who wanted the twelve-twenty train got through the gate at just twelve-twenty-one. The ensuing handicap was watched with absorbed interest both from the train and the station platform. At its conclusion the breathless and perspiring knight of the road wearily took the back trail, and a vacant-faced "red cap" came out to relieve him of his grip.

"Mister," he inquired, "was you tryin' to ketch that Pennsylvania train?"

"No, my son," replied the patient man. "No; I was merely chasing it out of the yard."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

### Not for Him

"And," concluded the Sunday-school teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to Heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

"Not much," said Tommy; "I had one of them things put on a tooth oncet."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



Pol Parrottstein: NOTHING LEFT BUT A FEW SEATS IN THE TOP ROW

### Their Consolation

Quartermaster General Edwin A. Taylor, of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, told at a Memorial Day banquet in Memphis this story:

"A Southerner," he said, "sat in the lobby of a New York hotel, discussing certain campaigns with a Northerner.

"Well," the Northerner ended, with a laugh, 'well, we licked you, anyhow.'

"Yes, you did," the Southerner admitted, 'but, by thunder, it's plain, from the size of your pension list, that before we gave in we crippled every blessed one of you!'"—*New York Tribune*.

### The Explanation

LOTTIE: How dare you ask Mrs. Bulion to a one-course luncheon?

HATTY: She won't know it. She's a Fletcherite, and by the time she has finished she'll have to move on to some five o'clock tea.—*Harper's Bazar*.

### Her Opportunity

YOUNG HUSBAND: What a glorious day! I could dare anything, face anything, on a day like this!

WIFE: Come on down to the milliner's. —*Fliegende Blaetter*.

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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"

A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.

### Naiad Dress Shields

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. Every pair guaranteed.

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper, 10 x 12, sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs.

101 Franklin Street, NEW YORK



The "Different" Cigarette

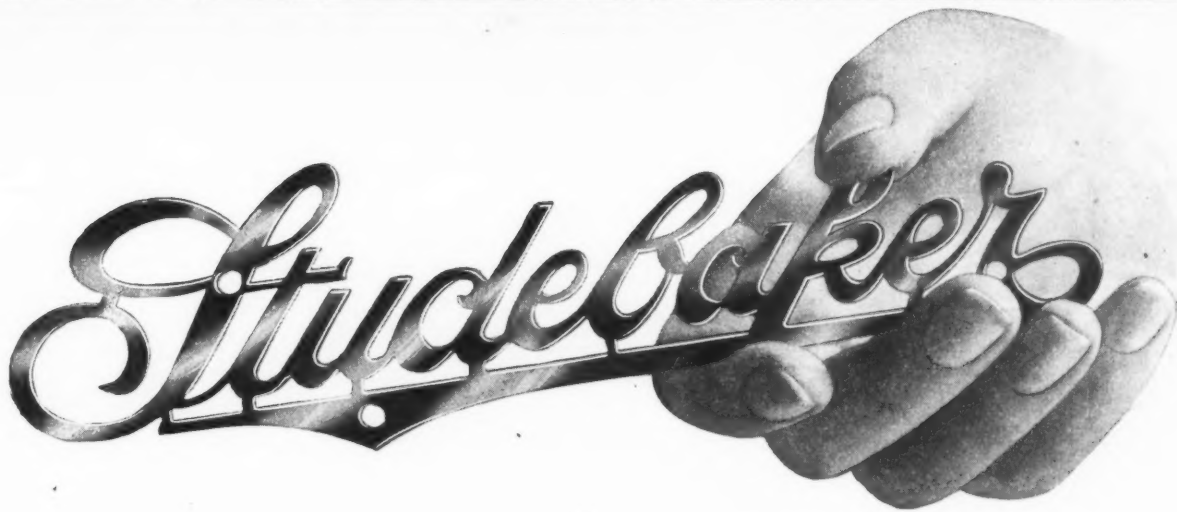
*Milo*

I am willing to retire before my betters—but as yet I have not found them.

—MILO.

THE SURBRUG COMPANY,

New York



## This name-plate is your guarantee

When this Studebaker name-plate is affixed to the radiator of a car it means that the highest skill, the best possible materials and 60 years of business integrity and reputation stand squarely behind that car.

It means that everything has been done that could make a car not only good to the eye but good mechanically—a car made in its entirety by the big Studebaker organization and for every part of which the Studebaker organization is responsible—and is proud to be responsible.

It means a car that is manufactured on so large a scale, with such perfect facilities, and that is sold in such great numbers, that it is possible to sell it at a moderate price. A car so well made that it will give real service at a moderate cost. And at the same time a car so easy to operate that any member of the family can run it.

Every car made by the Studebaker Corporation is sold with a Studebaker name-plate on the radiator. We are proud to put it there, because all our cars are built to uphold the reputation it represents.

Studebaker cars are built not only to sell, but to keep going. Our salesman can satisfy you when you purchase, and the car itself will keep you satisfied. Keeping a customer satisfied is always our aim. That explains our success.

The national Studebaker Service, with its 36 factory branches and 2500 equipped dealers, is a notable convenience that goes with the Studebaker car. To be able to get a needed part right on the spot is important to an owner.

See a Studebaker dealer and be convinced that a high grade automobile is neither costly to buy nor expensive to maintain.

A new Studebaker name-plate will be furnished all present owners who will send post-office address and car number.

### The Studebaker Corporation

### Detroit, Mich.

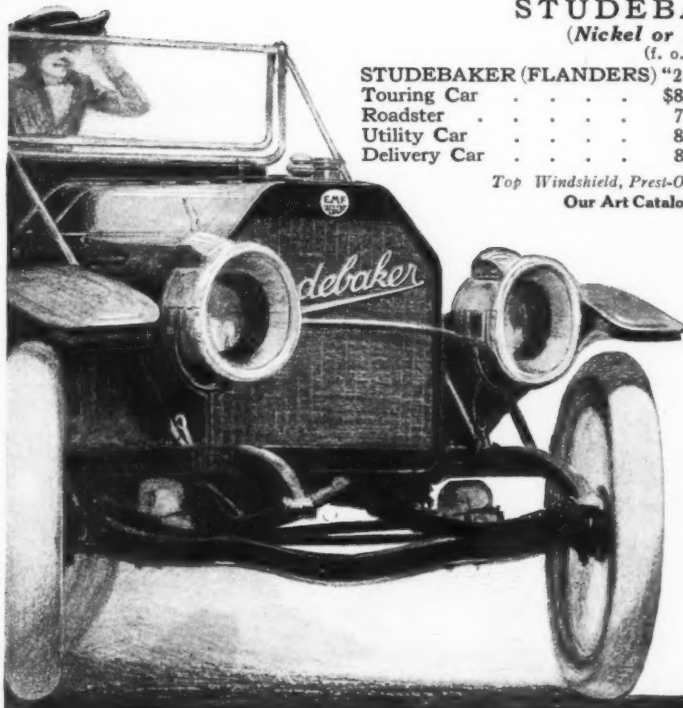
#### STUDEBAKER CARS

(Nickel or Brass Trimmed)

(f. o. b. Detroit)

STUDEBAKER (FLANDERS) "20"		STUDEBAKER (E-M-F) "30"	
Touring Car	\$800	Touring Car	\$1100
Roadster	750	Detachable Demi-Tonneau	1100
Utility Car	800	Roadster	1100
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Top Windshield, Prest-O-Lite Tank and Speedometer, Extra  
Our Art Catalogue L mailed on request.







OLD PROVERB

ONE LOVE DRIVES OUT ANOTHER

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Why He Was Generous

An Englishman who had lost both arms and both legs was obliged to solicit alms. As he sat on his street corner one day an Irishman passed by and dropped fifty cents into his hat. Almost immediately the Irishman returned and gave him fifty cents more.

"You are a good man," said a kind-looking old lady, "to give that unfortunate man so much."

"Faith, I'd give him more if I could," said the Irishman, "for he's the only Englishman I have ever seen thrimmed to suit me."—*Kansas City Star*.

### In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"REMEMBER, my son, that beauty is only skin deep," warned the Sage.

"That's deep enough for me," replied the young man. "I'm no cannibal."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## BEAR THIS FACT IN MIND

THE SOFT, MELLOW  
DELICIOUSNESS OF

# HUNTER WHISKEY

WILL ONLY BE FOUND IN AN  
ABSOLUTELY PURE, WELL MADE  
AND MATURED WHISKEY

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



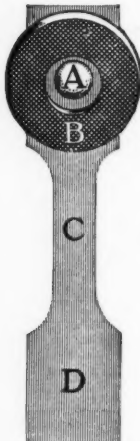
## Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.

A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax—the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.



Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.  
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.  
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.  
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

## Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (159)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

### A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.



## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.  
Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

### The Ready Retort

Mrs. Winfall, a society woman, always allowed the housekeeper to hire her servants.

One morning, however, the mistress wished to interview the cook, who had been engaged only the day before.

"What is your name?" inquired the lady.

"Mrs. McCarty," replied the cook.

"Do you expect to be called Mrs. McCarty?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, not if you have an alarm clock."—*Harper's Magazine*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

### Frank If Not Honest

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, had occasion to hire a colored man to work around his house. There were several applicants, but the waiting list had finally been reduced to one man.

The Senator cross-questioned the man carefully. After he had gone into his antecedents and all that he asked, "Are you honest?"

"Hones'?" Sho' I is. I's bin arrested foh stealin' three times an' let off every time."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

It was in one of those thriving Texas cities where railroads abound that a tired and weary traveler accosted a policeman and asked the way to the Y. M. C. A. The copper was puzzled. He took off his hat and scratched his head. Finally he burst out, "Stranger, you've got me. I know where the 'Frisco is and the M., K. & T., but that Y. M. C. A. is a new one on me."—*Everybody's*.

The Ideal Bitters. CARONI—the only genuine. Why not have the best? They cost no more. Once tried always used. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., New York, Gen'l Distrib.



## The Fable of the Preacher Who Flew His Kite

A certain preacher became wise to the fact that he was not making a hit with his congregation. The parishioners did not seem inclined to seek him out after services and tell him he was a pansy. He suspected that they were rapping him on the quiet.

The preacher knew there must be something wrong with his talk. He had been trying to expound in a clear and straightforward manner, omitting foreign quotations, setting up for illustration to his points such historical characters as were familiar to his hearers, putting the stubby old English words ahead of the Latin, and rather flying low along the intellectual plane of the aggregation that chipped in to pay his salary.

But the pewholders were not tickled. They could understand everything he said, and they began to think he was common.

So he studied the situation and decided that if he wanted to win them and make everybody believe he was a nobby and boss minister, he would have to hand out a little guff. He fixed it up good and plenty.

On the following Sunday morning he got up in the lookout and read a text that didn't mean anything, read from either direction, and then he sized up his flock with a dreamy eye and said: "We cannot more adequately voice the poetry and mysticism of our text than in those familiar lines of the great Icelandic poet, Ikon Navrojk:

THACKERAY  
wrote in 1849 in praise of

"PUNCH"

"THERE were never before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing and so little for blushing, so many jokes and so little harm."

*This is no less true to-day.*

A Specimen Copy sent post free for 8 cents in stamps; or "PUNCH" is sent weekly for one year, inclusive of "Almanack," for \$4.40. Address: "Punch" Office, 10 Bouverie Street, London, England

N 4



VANISHING CREAM GIVES YOUR SKIN THE EXQUISITE FRAGRANCE OF JACQUEMINOT ROSES.

### It is Different!

Some kinds of cream require violent massage. This seems temporarily to benefit, but ultimately loosens the fine face muscles, producing a flabby effect.

Vanishing Cream is applied gently. It immediately sinks into the skin—vanishes—without leaving a trace of itself—and builds up the tissues.

As good complexions are the result of *prevention*, rather than cure, Vanishing Cream is prepared *for this purpose*. It is not greasy, will not soil veil or gloves, and consequently can be used immediately before going out. It is made from the most valuable substance known for use on the skin. This skin-softening material, prepared expressly for this cream, is rapidly taken up by the skin and completely absorbed.

### Pond's Extract Company's VANISHING CREAM

conforms to the same high standard which characterizes all the Pond's Extract Company's products. Constant use of it will not promote the slightest growth of hair, or injure one in any way.

Send us 4c in stamps for a large 10c tube; use it and you will quickly see how radically different Vanishing Cream is from *every other cream* on the market.

Address Pond's Extract Co., Dept. L, 131 Hudson St., New York.

**Pond's Extract** The oldest product of the Pond's Extract Company, first produced in 1846, should be in every household for use in emergency, particularly for those everyday injuries such as cuts, bruises, burns, etc. At all druggists' or send 10c for sample bottle.

"To hold is not to have—  
Under the seared firmament,  
Where chaos sweeps, and vast futurity  
Sneers at these puny aspirations—  
There is the full reprisal."

When the preacher concluded this extract from the well-known Icelandic poet he paused and looked downward, breathing heavily through his nose, like Camille in the third act.

A stout woman in the front row put on her eyeglasses and leaned forward so as not to miss anything. A venerable harness dealer over at the right nodded

his head solemnly. He seemed to recognize the quotation. Members of the congregation glanced at one another as if to say, "This is certainly hot stuff!"

The preacher wiped his brow and said he had no doubt that every one within the sound of his voice remembered what Quarolius had said, following the same line of thought. It was Quarolius who disputed the contention of the great Persian theologian, Ramtazuk, that the soul in its reaching out after the unknowable was guided by the spiritual

(Continued on page 1782)



## Skin Loveliness

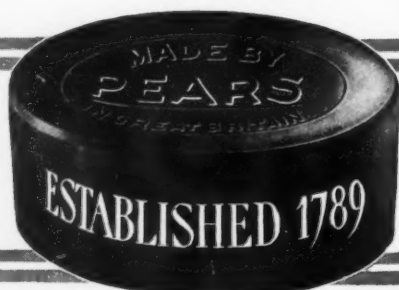
is easy enough of attainment if, every time you wash yourself, you use

## Pears' Soap

It forms such an effective combination of detergent and emollient properties, that, as the late Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, the greatest skin specialist of the 19th century said,

*"Pears is the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin"—and it is*

**Matchless for the Complexion**



## The Fable of the Preacher Who Flew His Kite

(Continued from page 1781)

genesis of motive rather than by the mere impulse of mentality. The preacher didn't know what all this meant, and he didn't care, but you can rest easy that the pewholders were on in a minute. He talked off in just the way that Cyrano talks when he gets Roxane so dizzy that she nearly falls off the piazza.

The parishioners bit their lower lips and hungered for more first-class language. They had paid their money for tall talk and were prepared to solve any and all styles of delivery. They held on to the cushions and seemed to be having a nice time.

The preacher quoted copiously from the great poet, Amebius. He recited eighteen lines of Greek and then said, "How true this is!" And not a parishioner batted an eye.

It was Amebius, whose immortal lines he recited in order to prove the extreme error of the position assumed in the controversy by the famous Italian, Polenta.

He had them going, and there wasn't a thing to it. When he would get tired of faking philosophy he would quote from a celebrated poet of Ecuador or Tasmania or some other seaport town. Compared with this verse, all of which was of the same school as the Icelandic masterpiece, the most obscure and clouded passage in Robert Browning was like a plate glass front in a State Street candy store just after the colored boy gets through using the chamois.

After that he became eloquent and began to get rid of long Boston words that hadn't been used before that season. He grabbed a rhetorical Roman candle in each hand and you couldn't see him for the sparks.

After he sat down he could tell by the scared look of the people in front that he had made a ten-strike.

Did they give him the joyous palm that day? Sure!

The stout lady could not control her feelings when she told how much the sermon helped her. The venerable harness dealer said he wished to indorse the able and scholarly criticism of Polenta. In fact, every one said the ser-

**M**OST people drink carbonated mineral spring water because it is so refreshing.

## Londonderry

is the water that makes you smack your lips and say, "After all, there is nothing better than good water." By every test—taste, lightness, purity, mineral, alkaline qualities—Londonderry is the best of American table waters and nothing abroad excels it.

Incidentally, Londonderry blends with liquor better than any other water—it literally improves the liquor.

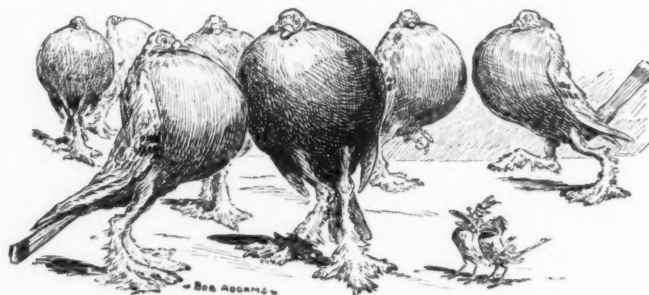
*Sparkling (effervescent) in three table sizes. Plain (still) in half gallon bottles, and other sizes if desired.*

*If you cannot obtain Londonderry locally, write us, and we will see you are supplied at retail prices.*



**LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER CO.**

**Nashua, N. H.**



Mr. Sparrow: GEE! THIS MUST BE A MEETING OF THE AERO CLUB!

mon was superfine and dandy. The only thing that worried the congregation was the fear that if it wished to retain such a whale it might have to boost his salary.

In the meantime the preacher waited for some one to come and ask about Polenta, Amebius, Ramtazuk, Quarolius and the great Icelandic poet, Novrojk. But no one had the face to step up and confess his ignorance of these celebrities. The pewholders didn't even admit among themselves that the preacher had rung in some new ones. They stood pat and merely said it was an elegant sermon.

Perceiving that they would stand for anything, the preacher knew what to do after that.

Moral.—Give the people what they think they want.

—From "Fables in Slang," by George Ade. Copyright, 1899, by H. S. Stone & Co.; Duffield & Co., successors, through whose courtesy we are enabled to republish this selection.

### What He Would Be

During a Republican campaign speech an orator became quite exasperated at the remarks of an old farmer, who kept insisting as he interrupted the speaker that he was a Democrat.

"And why, sir, are you a Democrat, may I ask?" thundered the orator.

"My father was a Democrat, as was his father before him," replied the farmer.

"Well, now," asked the orator, "suppose your father was a fool and your grandfather was a fool, what, under your line of argument, would you be?"

"I'd be a Republican," drawled the farmer.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.



**They  
Don't Shed Bristles**

Each individual bristle in the **Vulcan-Set Shaving Brush** is held firmly in place. Each has all of its original life and elasticity because the bristles in **TRADE MARK**

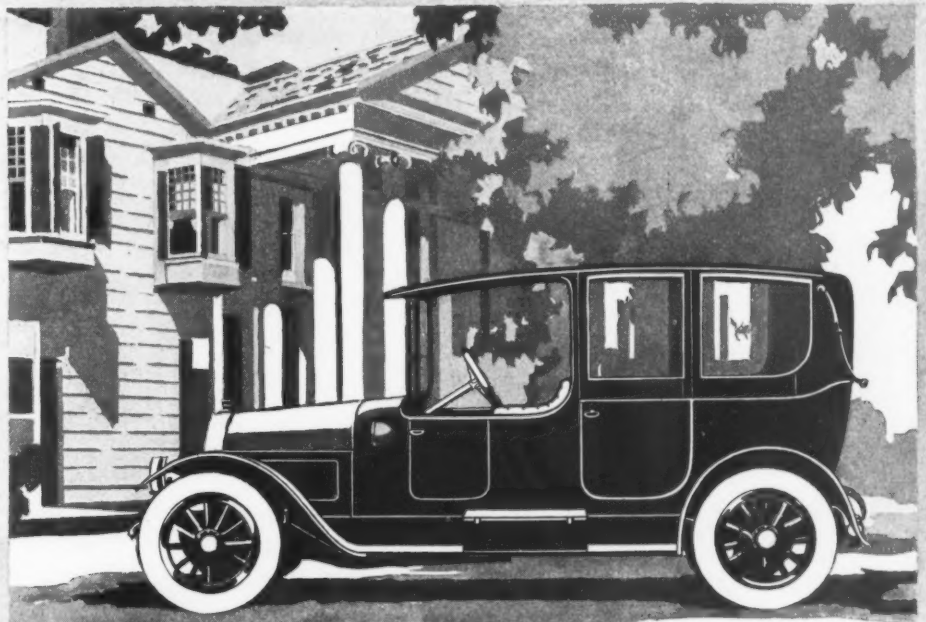
**VULCAN-SET**  
IN RUBBER  
**SHAVING BRUSHES**

have not been subjected to heat or acid treatment tending to injure them. **Vulcan-Set Brushes** do wear out, but only after a long period of usefulness and with all the bristles they originally contained still in them

**For Sale in All Civilized  
Countries**

**JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.**  
**BOSTON, U.S.A.**

Brush makers for over one hundred years, and the largest in the world



Meadow Brook  
Hunt Club

**SIMPLEX**

Fall Style  
7 Passenger  
Landaulet

**T**HE Simplex landaulet for the coming season will be equipped with large side windows, thus combining the advantages of the limousine with those of the landaulet. Wide doors, ample body room, modern appointments, and luxuriously comfortable upholstery are among the features that make these new models exceptionally appropriate for Park, Calling and Shopping purposes. Distinctiveness of design is shown in the chassis as well as in the bodies.

**SIMPLEX AUTOMOBILE COMPANY**  
240 WEST 59th STREET NEW YORK CITY

### Socialism and Sentiment

Socialism has always been open to the charge of a neglect of human sentiment, of those finer forces of the human mind that exercise a greater leverage on human action than anything else. In other words, Socialism is too materialistic. It measures human happiness by money terms, and heedless of the fact that the dominance of purely material fortune is challenged every day within our sight.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

If this be true, then Mr. Morgan is one of the leading exponents of Socialism in

the United States. Yes, "purely material fortune is challenged every day," but it always has the password.

With both the capitalists and the Socialists "playing up" the material side, where is a poor sentimentalist to hitch his wagon?

"WHEN does your husband find time to do all his reading?"

"Usually when I want to tell him something important."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



# FROM ORCHARD TO YOU \$4.00 A BOX



## VILLAGE VIEW APPLES

Ripened on the tree, packed into cushioned boxes and shipped direct, to you. Never put in cold storage. Their distinctive, rich, delicate flavor has made them famous the world over. It is the peculiar soil and crisp, balmy mountain air that make VILLAGE VIEW APPLES far more delicious than ordinary apples. Act to-day—order a trial box of these delicious apples. We deliver safe to your door—(express charges prepaid to all points east of the Mississippi river, for less than you pay for cold storage apples.)

**100 choice apples \$4.00—Winesaps, Albemarle Pippins, Mammoth Black Twigs. One kind to a box—no assortments.**

We pack apples that are absolutely perfect. Satisfaction guaranteed. Remit check or money order. Reference: Peoples National Bank, Lynchburg, Va. Order now. The supply is limited. Discount on quantity orders. Eat more apples for your health's sake—an apple a day keeps the doctor away—Our interesting booklet tells you why—contains many new recipes for preparing apples. **VILLAGE VIEW ORCHARDS, Box 11, Lovington, Va.** (T. M. Horsley, Owner)



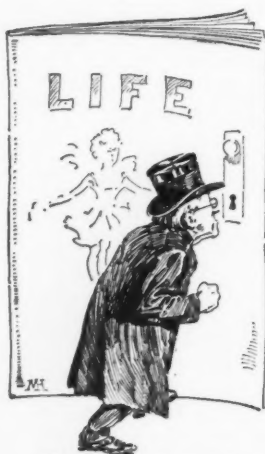
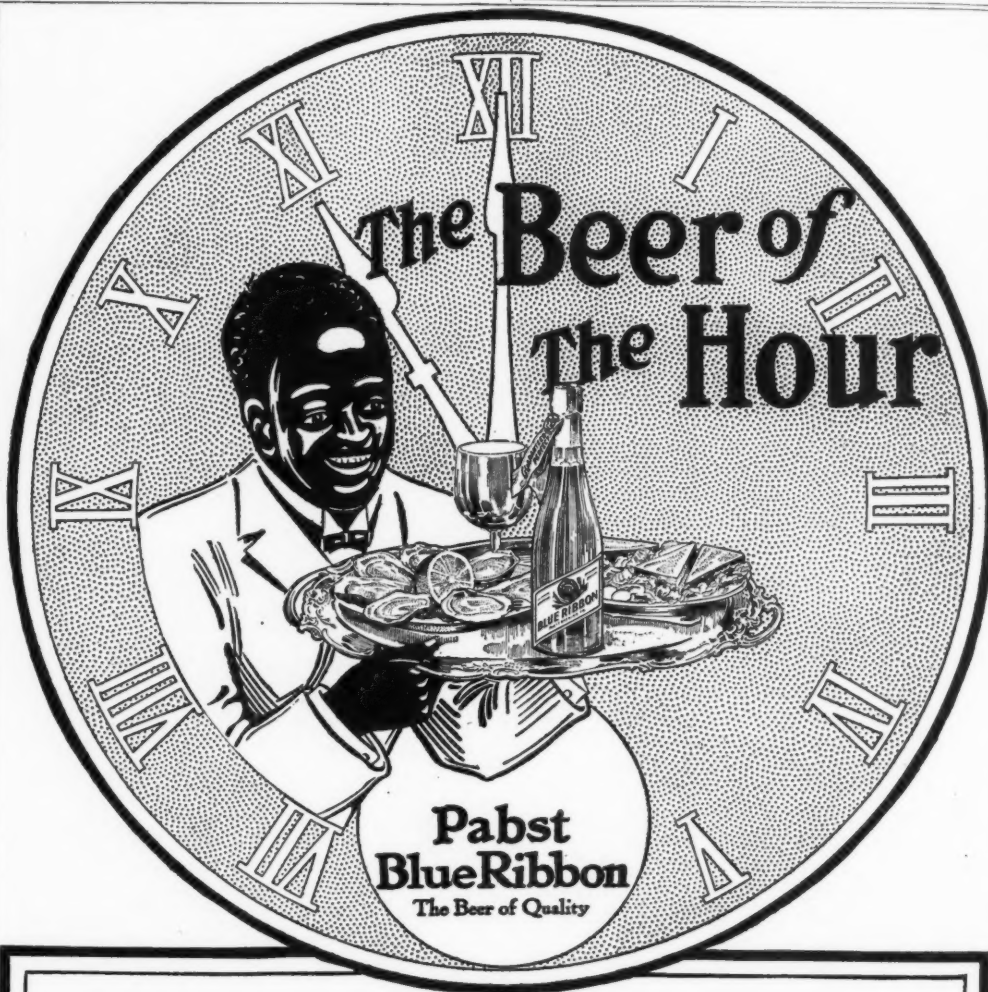
pleasant hour is spent. About one they adjourn, each in a different direction. Sometimes Mr. Jones goes back to the office and sometimes does a little business downtown. He takes the five-twenty train home, and if he is not at the station by five he feels as though he had missed the train completely. He once more meets his friends in the smoker for another little game on the return trip. He reaches home about six, where he is completely worn out from his hard day's labor.

E. E. D.

## A Busy Man's Day

*My uncle has asked me to write an essay on how men make money, and although I don't know how to do it myself, I do know the way hard working men in the office do it. I think this is a good example of the way some men do it.*

Mr. Jones is called by his wife at 6 a.m. Monday morning. He lies in bed about ten minutes after he is called, then jumps up and dresses very hurriedly and is downstairs for breakfast at 6.30 a.m. If breakfast is late Mr. Jones gets very impatient and reminds his wife that he must get the 7.13 train for the city. He is usually at the station ten or fifteen minutes before the train pulls in. He meets several of his friends there and together they go into the smoking car. When the train starts out comes the card table, and that is the way men are amused for the twenty-five-minute trip to the city. Mr. Jones arrives at the office about eight to find only a few of the men there. He takes off his coat, lights a cigar, and seats himself in his revolving chair at his desk and glances through the morning mail. By 9 a.m. the rest of the office force have come in and an hour or so is spent in sociable talking. Then the other men go to their desks and Mr. Jones leans back in his chair and watches the curls of smoke rise from his pipe. Now and then a clerk brings in some papers to be glanced over, or a letter to be signed, and so the morning passes. At 12 o'clock Mr. Jones meets friends at the club, where another



"A LOOK INTO LIFE"

## The Always Welcome Beverage

**I**T is Blue Ribbon time when you are hot, thirsty or tired. A most healthful beverage that both refreshes and invigorates. No other beer can approach it in flavor or in all around deliciousness. Its popularity is due to the successful and honest efforts of its makers to produce a pure, wholesome and refreshing beverage.



Bottled only at the brewery in crystal clear bottles, showing at a glance that it is clean and pure.

Phone or write for a case.

Supplied by Best Dealers Everywhere  
Served in Leading Hotels, Cafes and Restaurants





# Crane's Linen Lawn

The  
Correct  
Writing  
Paper



## NOVELTIES

Among the new ideas fresh from Paris may be especially emphasized the sheet with the edge turned over on the left,

the monogram being stamped on this flap. Also there is a new envelope with an unusual cut to the flap.

Perhaps the best colors ever introduced for fine stationery are the new shades of Crane's Linen Lawn—Saxe Blue and Antelope. You must ask to see them at your dealer's.

If you cannot procure these papers from your stationer, write us and we will send you samples and give you the name of a stationer who will supply them.

**F**EW things give such satisfaction as writing or receiving a letter upon good stationery. This is desired by every woman who uses correspondence as a means of cultivating social life. This season we are offering new fashions, original creations of Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, but reflecting the best ideas of Paris and London as well as New York.

**EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY**

New York

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THE MIDDLEMAN'S PROFIT

## Simplified Spelling

"There's a dead horse on Kosciusko Street," announced a Brooklyn patrolman, coming into the station after his day on duty.

"Well, make out a report," ordered the sergeant.



**Your Pocket Umbrella Is Always Ready**

It takes just three seconds to uncover and pull out to a perfect full size umbrella. Easily and quickly telescoped to a miniature umbrella only 15 in. long. Fits pocket, grip, suitcase or handbag, so that you always have protection without inconvenience. Costs no more than other good umbrellas and lasts longer. Sold on money-back guarantee. Ask your dealer. If you cannot secure one at once, write to factory, giving dealer's name and you will be promptly supplied. Booklet and price list on request.

**POCKET UMBRELLA Co., Dept. O Findlay, Ohio**

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Only recognized resident law school in U. S. Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 450 class-room lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Guarantees to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Send today for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men and Bankers.  
**HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 1156 Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

"Why, you make out the report, don't you, sergeant?"

"I don't. Make out your own reports. You've passed your civil service examinations."

Mike equipped himself with a pen and began scratching laboriously. Presently the scratching stopped. "Sergeant," he asked, "how d'you spell Kosciusko?"

"G'wan. You're writing that report."

An interval of silence. Then: "Sergeant, how do you spell Kosciusko Street?"

"Stop bothering me," the sergeant ordered. "I'm no information bureau."

Pretty soon the patrolman got up, clapped on his helmet, and started for the door.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the sergeant.

"I'm a-goin'," said the policeman, "to drag that dead horse around into Myrtle Avenue."

—Everybody's.

A mood is that which turns yesterday's truth into to-day's falsehood.

# Kelly-Springfield Automobile Tires



The wear you get out of a tire depends absolutely on the wear the factory puts into it. We have reason to believe that there is no way on earth to make a pneumatic tire that will give more mileage and better service under actual road conditions than the Kelly-Springfield.

**KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.**  
20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, Seattle, Cleveland, Atlanta and Akron, O.

Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.  
Appel & Burwell Rubber & Tire Company, Dallas, Texas.  
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas.  
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.

## A Repressed Patriot

The late Patrick Collins, of Boston, was elected president of the Land League and visited Ireland soon afterward.

A barber in Dublin was shaving him. "You're Mr. Collins, I'm thinkin'," said the barber respectfully.

"I am," assented Collins through the soap.

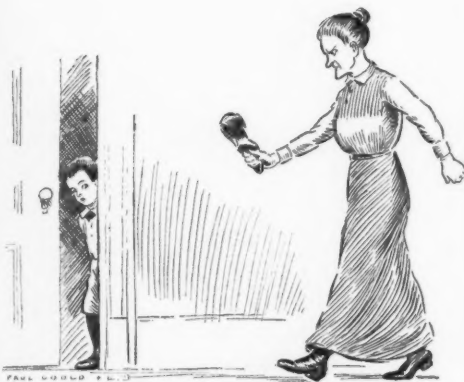
"Well, thin," declaimed the barber, flourishing his razor, "I want to tell ye that we've twinty thousand brave sons of ould Ireland ready to rise at a moment's call and throw off the cursed yoke of England!"

Collins preserved a discreet silence until he was shaved. As he was putting on his collar he asked:

"Why don't you rise?"

"Ah," replied the barber, "th' cursed constabulary won't let us!"

—Saturday Evening Post.



POPULAR WALL STREET SECURITIES

HIDE AND LEATHER

## Infant Snobbery

Too often the idea of service is associated solely with paid servants, although seldom so amusingly as in the case of a little girl of whom a contributor to the *English Illustrated Magazine* tells.

She had visited a little friend whose family did their own housework. She had a very good time, and on coming home was telling her mother all about it.

"But, mother dear, they do one very dreadful thing," she concluded. "I hate to tell you about it, for it is kind of cruel, and you mightn't let me go again."

"Tell me," urged her mother, in some alarm.

"They use their own grandmother for a cook!" the little girl replied, in a shocked whisper.

—Youth's Companion.

"Did you take the cold plunges your doctor ordered?"

"Yes. I didn't think I'd have the nerve, but I managed it."

"How?"

"Bought myself a canoe."

—Washington Star.

# Schlitz Beer was first Brewed in a Hut - NOW Agencies for the BROWN BOTTLE dot the Earth



As civilization advances—so  
do the sales of "Schlitz  
in Brown Bottles."

Over a million  
barrels sold annually.

The public demands  
a pure beer that will not  
cause biliousness.

The Brown Bottle protects  
Schlitz from the brewery to  
your glass.

Light spoils even pure beer.

# Schlitz

## The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.

Order a case from your dealer today.  
See that crown or cork is branded "Schlitz".



15-M



Some of the Advertisers, Engaged in the Automobile Industry, who have Used the Columns of



If You are Ready to Demonstrate the New 1913s, Remember that Here is Where the Successes of 1912 were shown.



"A VERY CLOSE DECISION"

### Charging for Advertisements

The practise of charging for advertisements commenced at a very early period. A few might at first have been inserted gratuitously, but the revenue flowing from this source was so obvious a consideration that the system soon began of charging a fixed sum for each. In the *Mercurius Librarius*, a bookseller's paper, it is stated that "to show that the publishers design the public advantage of trade, they will expect but sixpence for inserting any book, nor but twelve pence for any other advertisement relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long." The next intimation of price is in the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, which charged a shilling for each new advertisement and sixpence for renewing. The *Observer*, in 1704, charged a shilling for eight lines, and the *Country Gentleman's Courant*, in 1706, inserted advertisements at two pence a line. The

## To Keep a tight grip

upon all the benefits to mind and body afforded by your season's rest and recreation, start now with

# Evans' Ale

IT is the pleasantest and best means of following up the good results secured, and fortifying your system against the grind of the workaday life. The comfort and consolation of "After-Vacation" days.

Dealers or **C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.**

### NEVER-NEVER-LAND KENNELS

Miss Mary Winthrop, Owner

## French Bull Dogs

Puppies and Grown Dogs FOR SALE. From only Registered and Blue-Ribbon Stock.

SHELTER ISLAND HEIGHTS, N. Y.

Telephone, 47 Shelter Island.



CHAS. CHARLEMANGE

Public Advertiser charged for a length of time two shillings for each insertion.

—From "The Cyclopaedia of Commercial Business Anecdotes." Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

### Johnnie's Golden Text

A union Sunday-school service was held in a St. Louis church a few months ago, and the superintendent had thought that in order to make the service more impressive it would be a good plan to have six-year-old Johnnie go to the rostrum and repeat the golden text of the morning. This Johnnie consented to do.

The golden text was, "I am the bread of life."

When it came time for Johnnie's part of the programme he arose from his seat with calm assurance and walked boldly down the aisle to the rostrum. Once upon the rostrum, with the sea of faces confronting him, Johnnie's calm assurance suddenly left him. Things looked entirely different from the platform. He hesitated, standing first on one foot and then on the other. Finally in a shaking voice he shouted:

"I am—a loaf—of bread!"

—Kansas City Star.







## The Jabberwocky of Golf

'Twas niblick, and the dimpled ball  
Did top and fozzle from the tees;  
All mashie were the bunkers tall,  
And the links cleeked with trees.

Beware the bunkered course, my son,  
The grassy lie, the pond's encroach,  
Beware the putting greens and shun  
The hazardous approach.

He took his driving club in hand,  
Long time the red dot ball he sought;  
Then rested he at the second tee,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in golfish thought he stood,  
The bunkered course before him came;  
On one side sliced the jigger wood,  
The other pulled the same.

One two, one two, and through and  
through  
The eighteen holes, with cries of  
"fore";  
He's six holes up! He's won the cup!  
He has a bogey score!

And hast thou played the bunkered  
course?

Come to my arms, my brassy boy,  
Oh baffy day, oh stymie play,  
He caddied in his joy.

'Twas niblick, and the dimpled ball  
Did top and fozzle from the tees,—  
All mashie were the bunkers tall,  
And the links cleeked with trees.

Ellen R. Pyne.

## Fulfilled His Contract

When the village decided that it could  
afford to have its streets sprinkled, old  
Fritz Pfankucken was put in charge of  
the wagon.

One day while on his rounds he  
stopped to gossip with a crony. And  
suddenly he looked up at the sky.

"Mein Gott!" was his exclamation,  
as he started his horses. "It iss going  
to rain!"

He turned in farewell and discovered



### "THE WINNER"—Six Months Ahead

Wear a different kind of hat from "the other fellows." "THE WINNER" is sold only by us, its originators. Stores do not have it. Of serviceable wool. Chinilla. Four colors: Light gray, dark gray, dark brown, black. Would cost \$2 if imported. We charge \$2 PREPAID. Money back if you don't like it. Order now—simply state size and color, and enclose \$2. Write for "1912 Fall Style Book"—FREE **FRENCH CO.,** 255 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### RAD-BRIDGE BRIDGE WHIST ACCESSORIES

Ten cents in stamps (less than cost) brings our sample wallet; 42 Forms Lithographed Score Pads, 15 varieties playing cards and illustrated catalog. Dept. L. **RADCLIFFE & CO.,** 144 Pearl St., New York

### PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.,** Washington, D. C.

## "My Boy"

*"If my boy knew how much sweeter he looks after being Palmolived he would keep that face bright and clean always — and when a big man have fine rosy cheeks like Daddy." sssssssss*



## These Two Imported Oils Make Palmolive Green

The cool, green hue of a cake of Palmolive Soap comes from two expensive oils. There is absolutely no artificial coloring used. Palmolive is composed of olive oil scientifically blended with palm oil and saponified by the Palmolive process.

This soap is as wholesome in appearance as its choice ingredients. The fresh, greenish coloring reflects the oils. Palmolive's delicate odor is as pure and dainty as its color. Its spicy fragrance suggests the Orient—the source of its oils.

## Palmolive Differs From Any Other Soap

Not only the ingredients but the effect of Palmolive is different. It lathers abundantly in hard as well as soft water, cleansing every tiny pore. Palmolive contains no free alkali. Its lather entirely rinses off, leaving no film of soap in the pores. Thus the skin is perfectly cleansed and nourished. For these two oils have ever been the choice of women who know and achieve complexion beauty.

Olive oil is such an important skin food that it is used for the baby's first bath. Now doctors and nurses prescribe this to be followed by a daily Palmolive bath, as they know Palmolive to be the olive oil soap. Palmolive is best for the bath and toilet of every member of your family. For it leaves every skin soft and velvety.

Palmolive's cost is now no greater than ordinary soap. Your dealer will supply you, or for two 2-cent stamps we will send you a generous free sample and booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

**B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY**  
484 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

### Jar of Palmolive Cream, FREE

Send us a band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send a sample jar of this beauty-bringing face cream. Use this cream with Palmolive Soap and complexion improvement is at once noticeable. Your druggist will heartily recommend Palmolive Cream.



Price 50c



Price 15c

an amazed expression upon his friend's face.

"I must hurry up," he called back, "and vater dese streets. Oderwise it iss no use!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

## The Mysterious Handful

A troupe of wandering musicians were playing before a Swiss hotel. At the end of the performance one of the members left the group, approached the leader of the band and pulled out a little paper box, which he emptied into his left hand

while the eyes of the leader followed every movement

He then took a plate in his right hand, passed it around, and a large sum was collected, every one meanwhile wondering what he held in his left hand

"Why, it's very simple," said the leader when questioned. "We are all subject to temptation, and to be sure of the fidelity of our collector he has to hold five flies in his left hand, and we count these when he returns, to make sure of the money."—*Tit-Bits.*

# Belle Mead Sweets



are the most delicious candies you ever tasted—rich and luscious, and yet so pure and so carefully made that they may be eaten without stint. As exquisite as the candies themselves are the dainty Belle Mead boxes.

No matter where you buy these sweets you will find them fresh—for we prohibit the sale of any of our candies after they have lost their first rich delicacy.

*At good drug stores*



BELLE MEAD SWEETS  
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY



# Cœur de Jeannette

(HEART OF JEANNETTE)

## Perfume

most subtly enhances a woman's personality. It is

## The Glory of the Garden

blended into the most seductive fragrance by the world's greatest perfumer—

## HOUBIGANT

PARIS

Exquisite, elusive, fascinating, expressive of delicate feeling and refined taste. All dealers, 2-oz. bottle, \$3.15.

*Sample Bottle, 20c*

PARK & TILFORD  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

*Sole Agents in the United States*



## "EXTRA!"

A free copy for Everybody who wants one

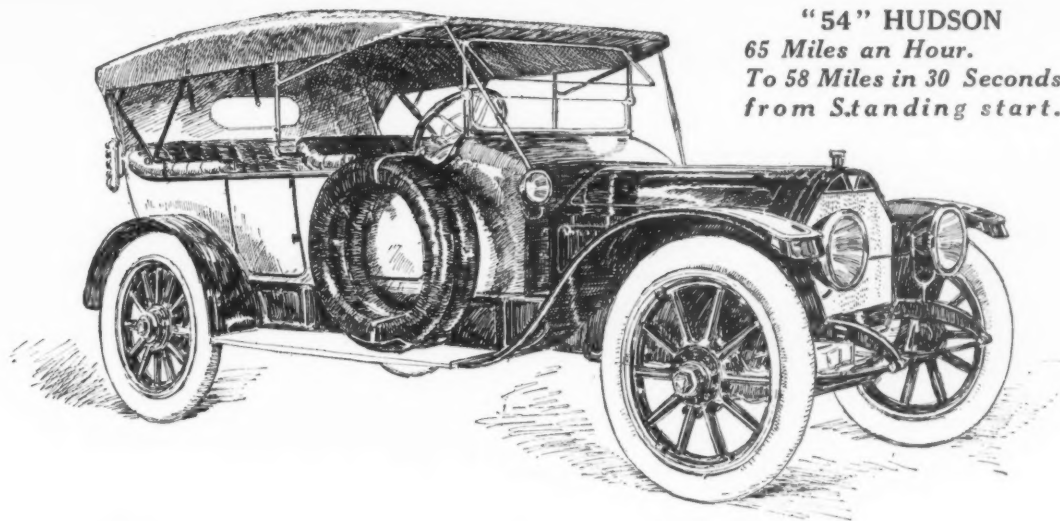
of

## The Miniature Life

Life is now sending out to his friends a miniature copy, printed in colors, and full of the best things which have appeared in Life for many years. All you need to secure a copy of this issue (size  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ ) is to forward your name and address and a two-cent stamp to Life, 17 West 31st Street, New York.



"I ATE AN OSTRICH AND THE FEATHERS TICKLE."



**"54" HUDSON**  
65 Miles an Hour.  
To 58 Miles in 30 Seconds  
from Standing start.

## Here is the Answer

*to that oft asked question: "What will  
Howard E. Coffin do when he builds a 'Six'?"*

The "54" HUDSON answers the question every one in motordom has been asking for years. All know Howard E. Coffin to be America's foremost engineer. His six famous four cylinder cars gained a reputation for him which led all to expect a wonderful six from him.

But sixes are not like fours, as many a designer has learned to his sorrow. Mr. Coffin realized that, and so instead of attempting a six alone, he first secured as his associates the men who had already accomplished the most in six cylinder designing. His men came from the leading factories of Europe and America. There are 48 in all—representing 97 leading motor car manufacturers. Combined they know just about all that has been learned in motor car building. So the "54" HUDSON—Mr. Coffin's answer—is the composite of what the most successful builders, working together, have accomplished.

### **The Best Car They Know**

It is smooth and flexible—the qualities for which sixes are really built, and which inexperienced men seem unable to obtain in the sixes they build.

It is powerful—speedy, beautiful, safe and comfortable. Simplicity is a notable feature, and economy in operation is accomplished as it is in but a few cars.

### **Not Just Two Cylinders Added to a "Four"**

Adding two cylinders to a good four won't even make a poor six. Fours and sixes are entirely different. That is

why some sixes give less than 30% increased power when their weight, and fuel and oil consumption are 50% greater than the four of same size, to say nothing of the greater first cost.

### **Comfort—Speed—Completeness**

The cushions of the "54" HUDSON are Turkish type—12 inches deep. Backs are high, upholstery thick, springs flexible and the car is so nicely balanced that it will take the worst roads at speed and with little discomfort to passengers.

On the Indianapolis Speedway, a "54" fully equipped, carrying extra tires and four passengers did 10 miles at 62 miles an hour. One year ago on the same course a \$500 prize was forfeited because none of many of the best known fours and sixes similarly equipped, driven by famous drivers, were able to do one mile in 60 seconds, flying start.

Every detail of motor car comfort is included in the "54."

It is electrically self-cranking, has electric lights, speedometer, clock, top, rain vision wind-shield, nickel plated trimmings—21 coats paint and varnish body finish, demountable rims—36x4½ tires, gasoline tank, with magnetic gauge on rear, robe rails, curtains and all the appointments that go with the highest type of car.

The price for either 5-passenger Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster is \$2450; 7-passenger Touring Car, \$2600; Coupe, \$2950; Limousine, \$3750—f. o. b. Detroit.

*See the Triangle on the Radiator*

## HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7426 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A

165

# Electric Self-Starting—Electrically Lighted



# Williams'

## PAT ENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



Williams' Famous Shaving Stick, with all its rich, creamy, refreshing lather, in a new form that adds ease and comfort to the daily shave.

The Holder Top enables you to grasp the stick firmly by the nickeled cap and to use it down to the last fraction of an inch without touching the soap with your fingers. And the stick will stand steady and upright, wherever you set it down.

Three forms of the same good quality:

**Williams' Shaving Stick** Hinged-cover  
Nickeled Box

**Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick**

**Williams' Shaving Powder** Hinged-cover  
Nickeled Box

A trial sample of either sent for 4 cents in stamps

Address The J.B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

